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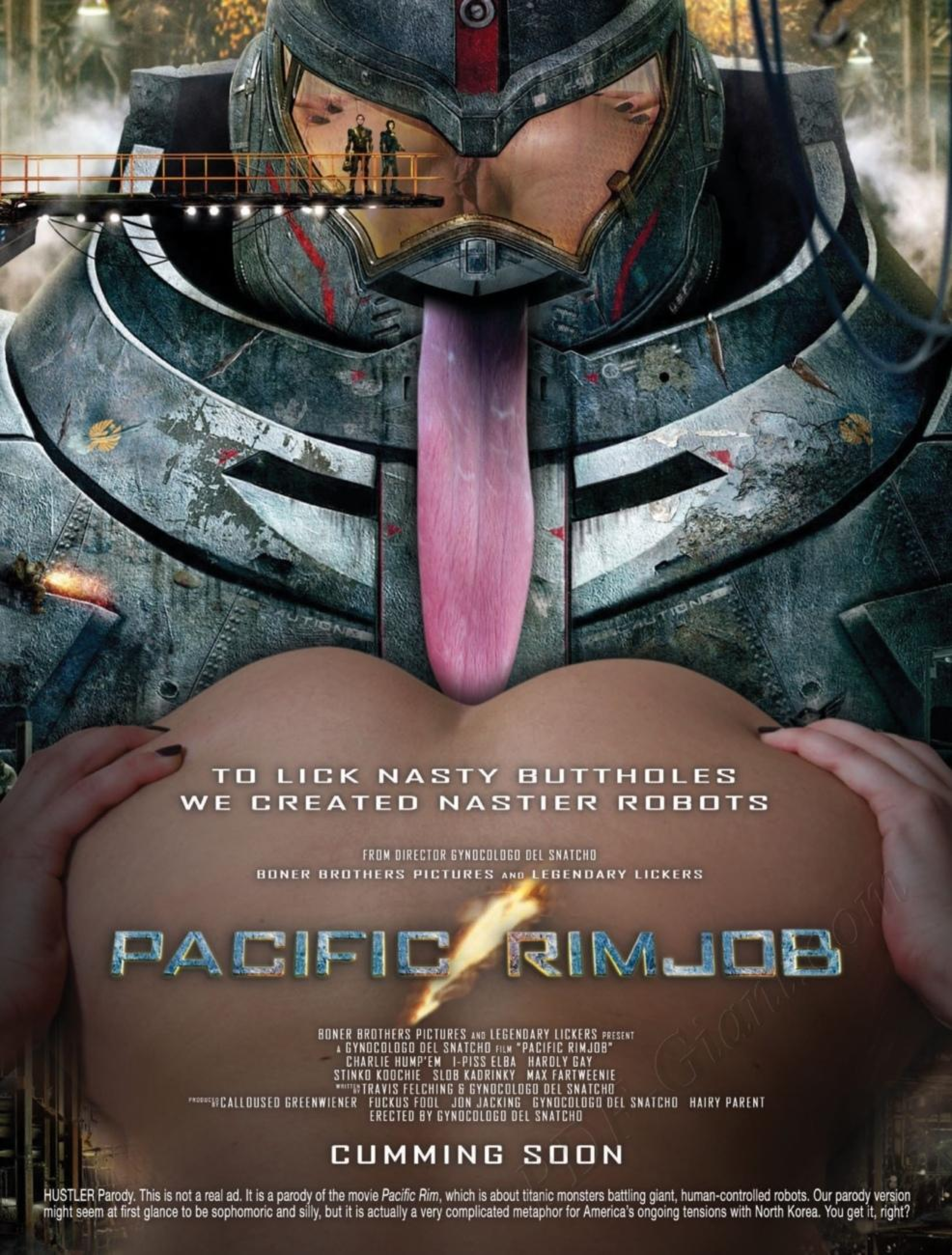
TO LICK NASTY BUTTHOLES
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FROM DIRECTOR GYNOCOLOGO DEL SNATCHO
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PACIFIC RIMJOB
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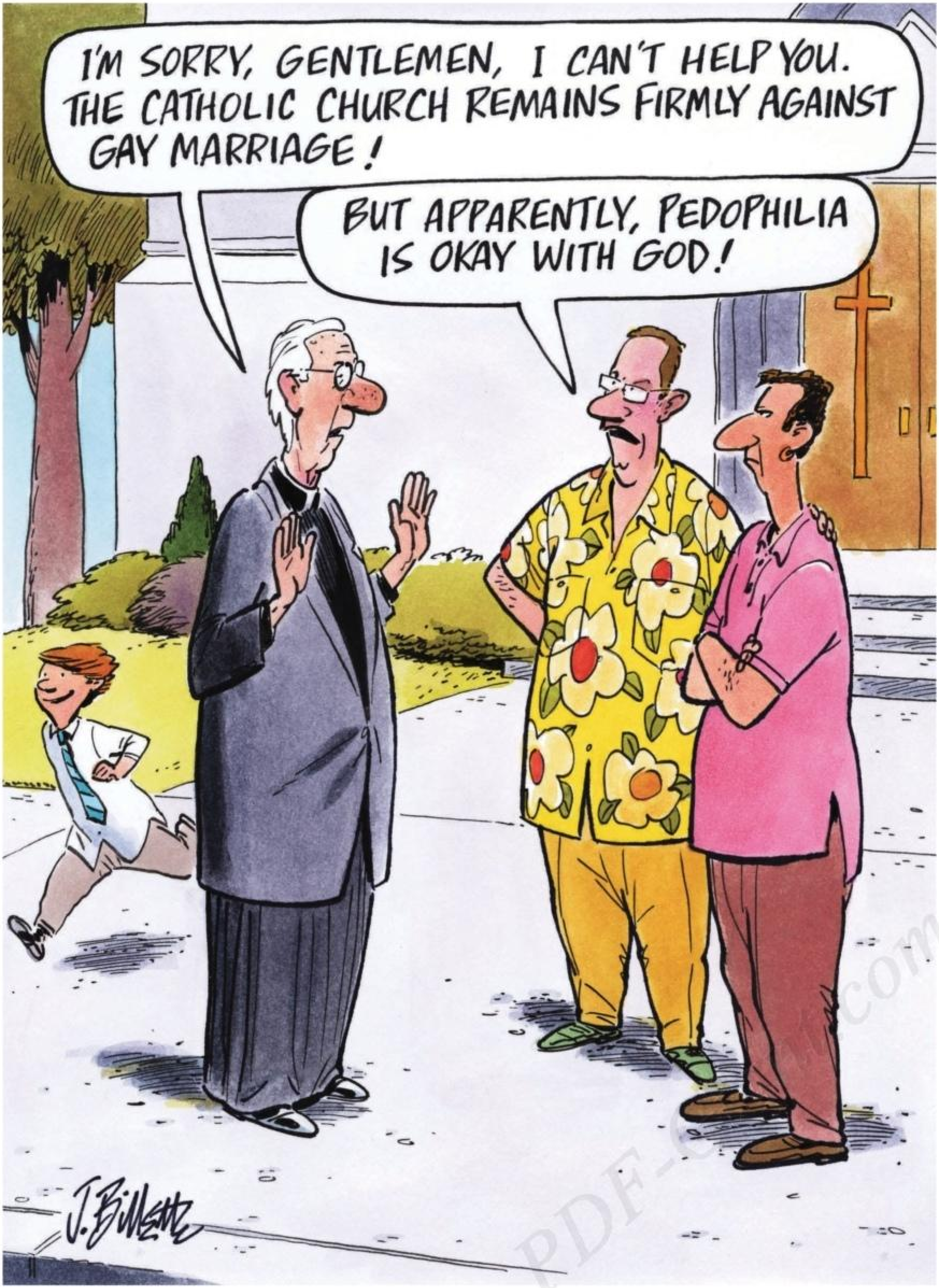
PRODUCED BY CALLOUSED GREENWIENER FUCKUS FOOL JON JACKING GYNOCOLOGO DEL SNATCHO HAIRY PARENT
ERECTED BY GYNOCOLOGO DEL SNATCHO
CUMMING SOON

HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody of the movie *Pacific Rim*, which is about titanic monsters battling giant, human-controlled robots. Our parody version might seem at first glance to be sophomoric and silly, but it is actually a very complicated metaphor for America's ongoing tensions with North Korea. You get it, right?


I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN, I CAN'T HELP YOU. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH REMAINS FIRMLY AGAINST GAY MARRIAGE!
BUT APPARENTLY, PEDOPHILIA IS OKAY WITH GOD!
J. Billentz

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OCTOBER 2013
Volume 40 Number 4
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM
HUSTLER®

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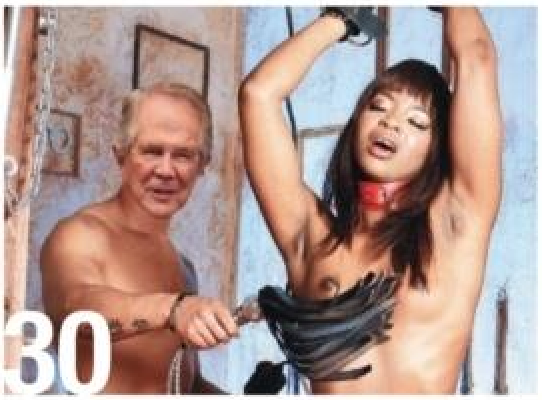

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Contributing Photographers
DigitalDesire.com
Matti Klatt
Ladi von Jansky
Nate "Igor" Smith

Records & Archives
Sean Berrios *Supervisor of Records and Documents*
David Carrillo *Recordkeeper/Archivist*

Network Systems
Andrea Landrum *Network Systems Director*

Production
Gina J. Lee *Production Director*
Shannon Poe *Production Coordinator*

Advertising
Mickey Puyda *National Advertising Sales Director*
323-951-7907, mpuyda@LFP.com
Wendy Camacho *Advertising Production Coordinator*

Subscriptions Customer Service: *323-651-2348*

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Gerry Awang *Vice-President, Circulation & Distribution*

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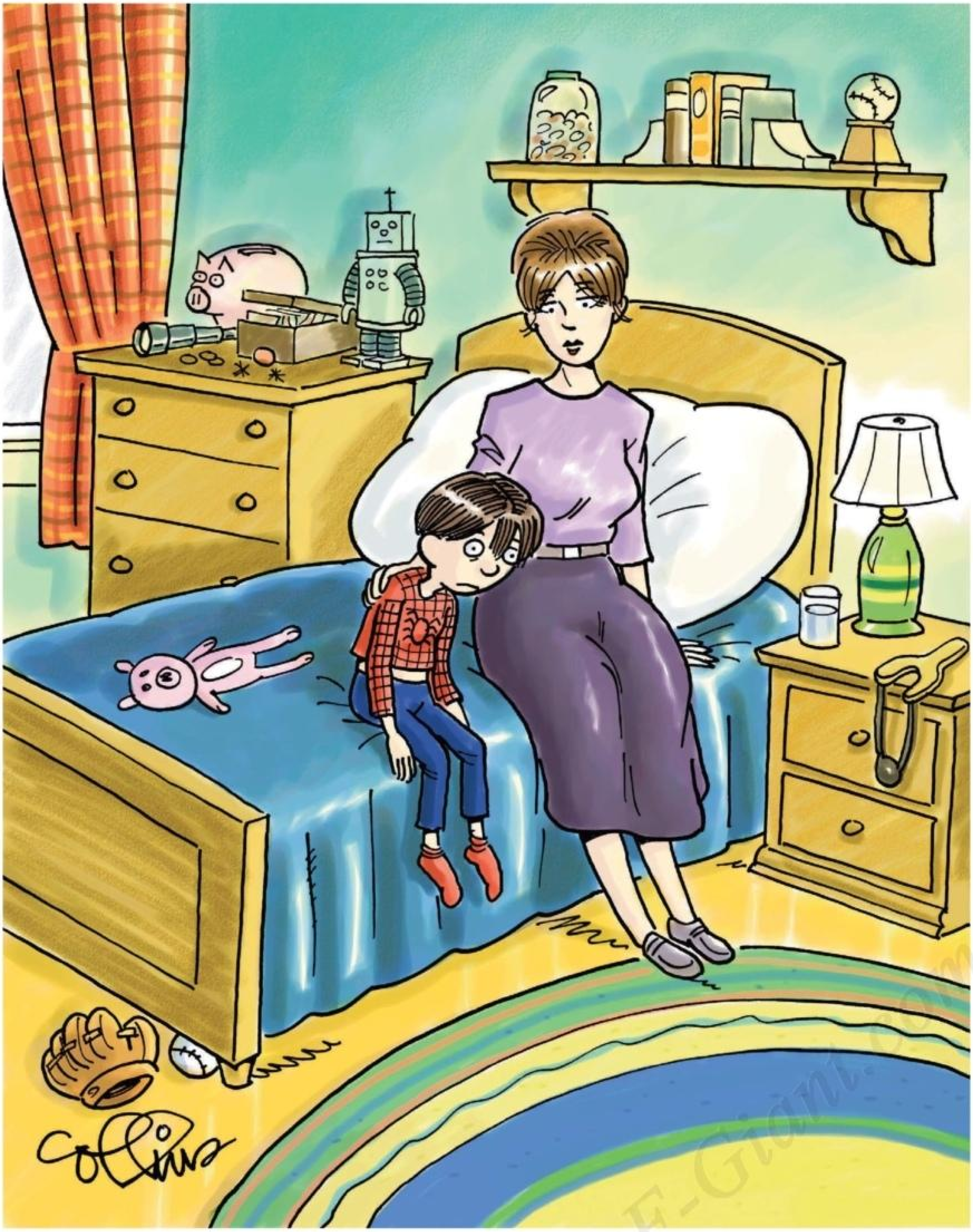
HANDS OFF SOCIAL SECURITY

For those of us who took President Obama's pledges of "hope" and "change" seriously, his administration has been a disappointment. But few of his concessions have been as painful as his recent budget proposal to cut Social Security benefits by lowering cost-of-living adjustments. The new measure—dubbed the Chained Consumer Price Index—would hit the most vulnerable people in the country, our seniors. The ranks of the retired have paid into the system their whole lives. Shafting them now is wrong.

Obama's bad call makes him the first President to propose cutting Social Security benefits to seniors since the program was founded in 1935. Not even Republican Presidents have gone that far. The Social Security Act was a direct response to the disproportionate suffering of seniors and the disabled during the Great Depression. It is one of the greatest milestones to progress. We, as a society, recognized that the weaker among us should not be abandoned, that we have a responsibility to take care of them. That responsibility is not up for negotiation. Contrary to the hard right's propaganda, Social Security is not socialism. It is a common-sense, capitalist strategy: Keep the entire population financially stable, and you keep the economy strong.

It is true that the population is getting older, and the economic burden is growing. However, the solution is not to cut benefits but to increase revenue. If the wealth class in this country were taxed fairly, the government's budget problems would disappear. Let's hope that by the time you read this, President Obama will have come to his senses and taken Social Security off the table for good.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



"You shouldn't get down on yourself for not being as smart as the other kids.
Look at Louie Gohmert and Michele Bachmann. They're in Congress,
and they're both fucking retarded!"

STALKERS PARADISE

PERSONAL INFO IS EASIER THAN EVER TO DIG UP—AND IT JUST MIGHT BE TOTALLY ERRONEOUS TO BOOT!

The snoopers are our new best friends? Unbelievable but true when, for the first time in human history, it is the norm for people to volunteer to be spied upon. Folks eagerly pay for the very apps that betray their privacy with a ruthless efficiency unmatched by the most oppressive tyrants of old.

The secret agents of a Hitler or Stalin were limited to monitoring people's mail, eavesdropping on the telephone or clumsily tailing suspects they wanted to get the goods on. But that's primitive junk-snooping by the standards of today's surveillance state. Now people willingly authorize the use of their location and trigger access to every movement, purchase and conversation to any corporation or government agency that cares to "mine" their data, along with information from the rest of the world's population.

Whereas in the past the files of a dictator's Gestapo were barely read and almost impossible to collate as they gathered dust under lock and key, today's data searches are conducted with a speed and thoroughness that defies comprehension. The movie you watched, your thoughts about its content posted on Facebook, the dialogue it provoked among friends—including the most intimate or wildest thought any of them have on any subject from the political to the pornographic—are instantly and permanently revealed to just about anyone curious enough to inquire.

The revolution in information technology has left in its wake a stalkers paradise. The sanctity of self has been rendered nonexistent, and the very idea of the individual as an independent entity exploring life in private is an endangered species.

Although we kind of know that we are all under a totally invasive microscope, we soothe any incipient anxiety with the rationalization that the supercomputer searches only zero in on the bad guys and never innocent folks like us. When one of the evildoers gets caught, we cheer wildly and marvel at the technology that made it possible, never thinking that it is a privacy-destroying weapon that could easily target saints like ourselves.

That was my first reaction when I read about how a prosecutor in Pasadena, California, was able to sift through 30 billion files in order to track the movement of a murder suspect. That means law-enforcement agencies can easily sift through as massive a database to nail you on any allegation even if you are never charged, let alone convicted, of a crime.

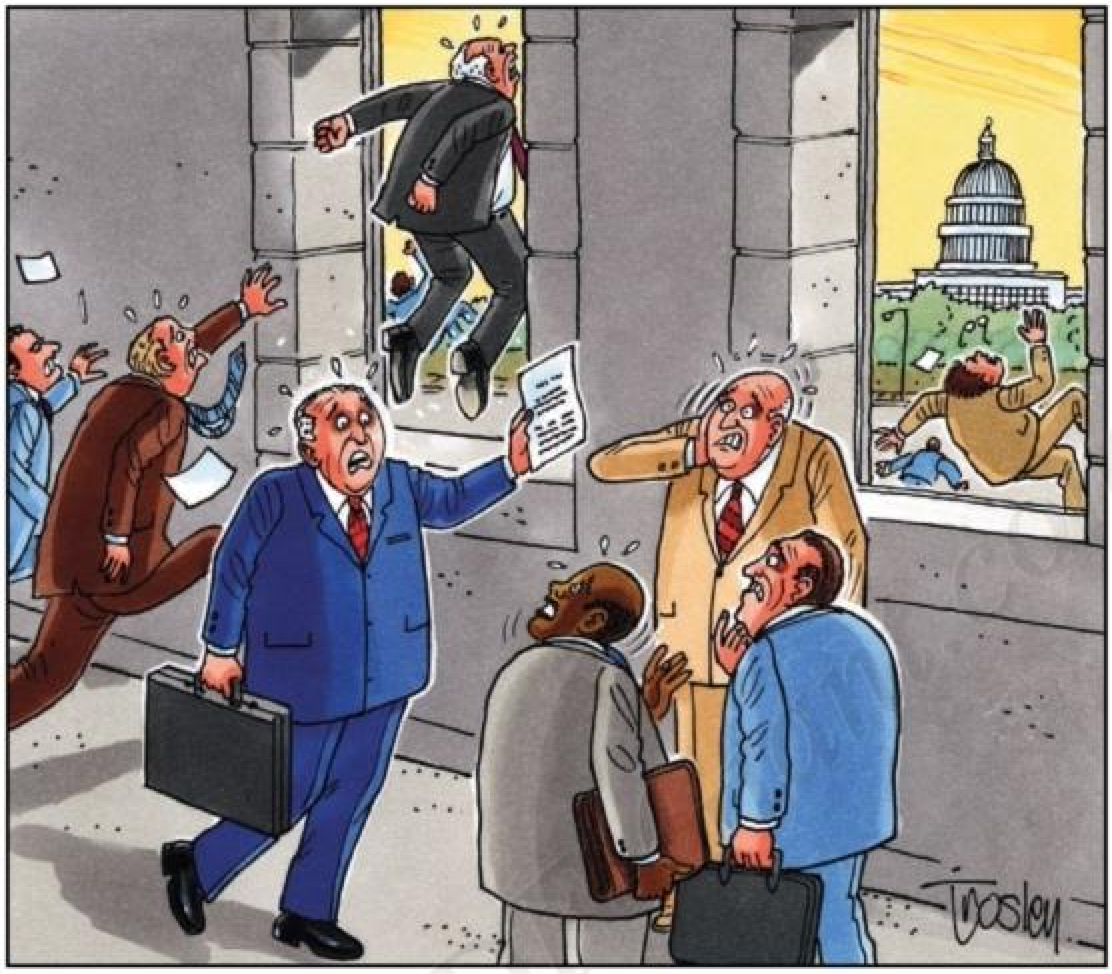
An exaggeration you say? Hardly, as the *New York Times* recently made crystal clear. In a story looking at how data-mining is affecting all aspects of our lives, it divulged that "retailers across the country have helped amass vast databases of workers accused of stealing, and are using that information to keep employees from working again in the industry."

The operative word is *accused*, but as the *Times* reported, those accusations can be of the flimsiest sort and "often contain scant details about suspected thefts and routinely do not involve criminal charges. Still, the information can be enough to scuttle a job candidate's chances. Some of the employees, who submit written statements after being questioned by store security officers, have no idea that they admitted committing a theft or that the information will remain in databases."

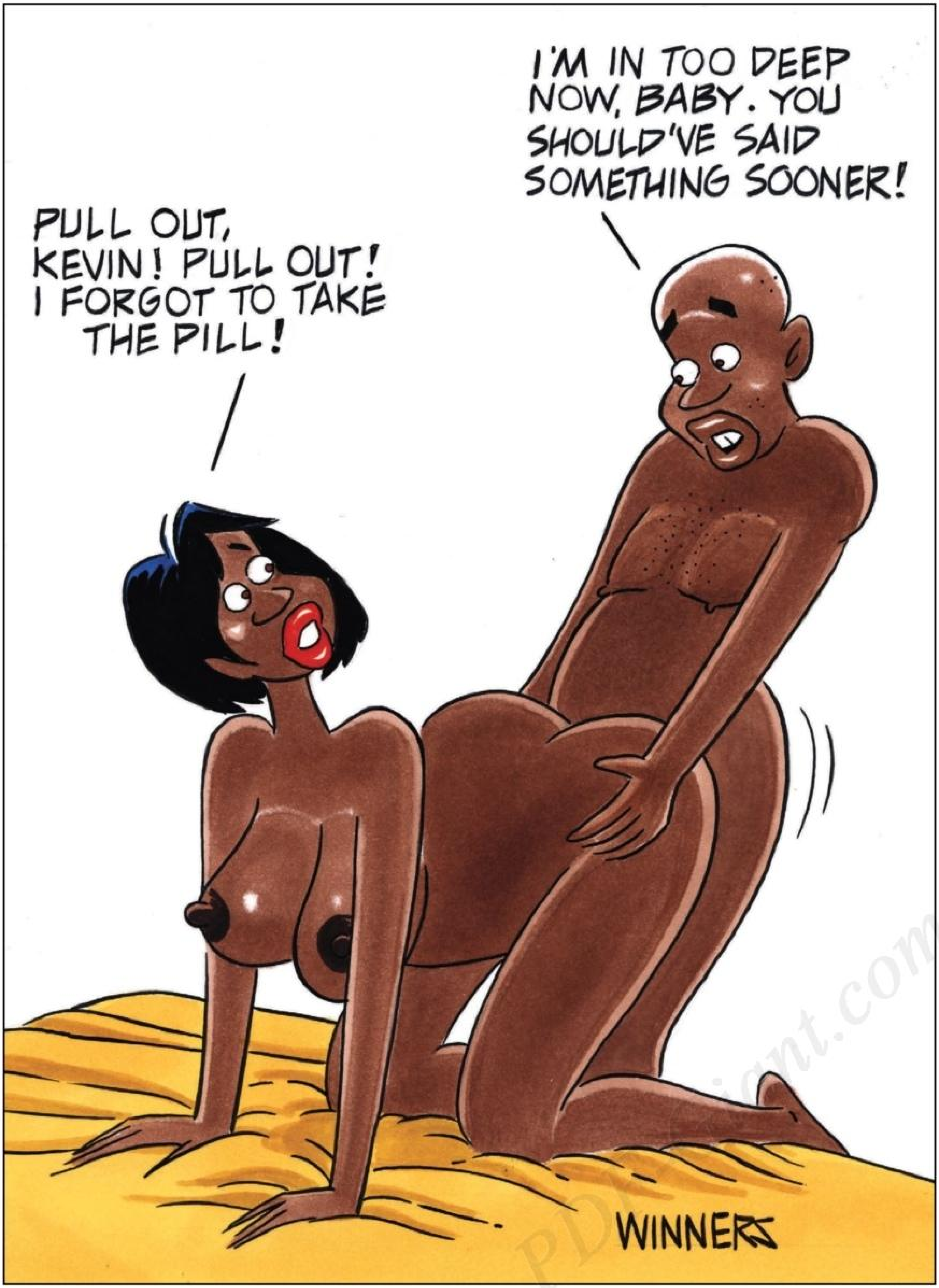
Permanent databases are as easily searched as they are prone to error. Files containing the groundless suspicion of a hostile supervisor that you might have shoplifted can be combined with a friend's Instagram photos from your long-ago bachelor party, an overdue credit-card bill, medical records, divorce proceedings and adolescent ramblings about a horrendous first date you can't even remember posting somewhere on the Internet, all of which present to the world a creepy view of you that you are unaware is in circulation and that needs to be corrected.

This is all because we have no laws protecting your private data from being widely disseminated without your "opt-in" permission to share such personal information across infinite platforms. When you granted permission to a computer prompt to "use your location," all you wanted was the hint of a good restaurant nearby. For that you squandered the right to dine, and think, in private. Surely the sacred right to privacy deserves better legal protection than that. H

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. He is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*



"Christ, it's fuckin' true! The public found out they can sue congressmen for malpractice!"


I'M IN TOO DEEP NOW, BABY. YOU SHOULD'VE SAID SOMETHING SOONER!
PULL OUT, KEVIN! PULL OUT! I FORGOT TO TAKE THE PILL!
WINNERS

JAZZ IS STILL KICKIN'

MOST AMERICANS DIG OTHER KINDS OF MUSIC, BUT THE ONE SYMBOLIZING FREEDOM WILL NEVER BE SILENCED.

I began reporting on jazz and knowing its key players in the late 1940s, also learning life lessons from them ever since. Tenor saxophonist Ben Webster advised, "Listen, kid, when the rhythm section ain't making it, go for yourself!" I've done that in hassles with editors and wives.

Obituaries for my favorite musical genre began when rock overran jazz's popular big-band period (Benny Goodman, et al), and they keep marching on. Benjamin Schwarz recently added one in *The Atlantic*: "The End of Jazz: How America's Most Vibrant Music Became a Relic."

Such a relic that jazz combos are still booked around the world. For example—I kid you not—in Siberia. Meanwhile, *Jazz Times* magazine reported that UNESCO (the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization) has "officially designated International Jazz Day…to highlight jazz and its diplomatic role of uniting people in all corners of the globe every April 30." As jazz legend Duke Ellington (1899-1974) marveled, "The music is so free that many people say it is the only unhampered, unhindered expression of complete freedom yet produced in this country."

So how come these grimly misinformed obituaries keep blowing clinkers only in America? "Kids here just aren't interested in this music anymore," they lament, "so its audience keeps on dwindling."

Really? There are more and more high-school jazz bands nationwide, and many of them participate in the Jazz at Lincoln Center's Essentially Ellington support program and annual competition. Among those impressing the judges is the jazz band at my alma mater, Boston Latin School.

When I attended BLS in the 1940s, jazz was never mentioned and certainly never performed. During a visit there many years later, I delighted in its band's swinging rendition of Ellington's "Things Ain't What They Used to Be." Later I told the young musicians that Duke would have been very pleased. They were stunned that I was so old, I had actually known the jazz icon.

And I was stunned at what I heard at the 2012 Mingus High School Competition & Festival at New York City's Manhattan School of Music. I had been told by established jazz musicians that Charles Mingus's repertoire would be too difficult for high-school jazz bands to play. Well, they not only wowed me but also John Thomas Dodson, conductor of the Adrian (Michigan) Symphony Orchestra.

After one band went lights out with "Haitian Fight Song" and "Better Git It in Your Soul," Dodson posted on his Mingus Lives blog: "I'm guessing that many of the high-school students had never even heard of Charles Mingus before they began to work their minds, ears and instruments around his music. By now, his work has become a part of them."

I advise the authors of jazz obituaries to also wake up to Jazz House Kids in Montclair, New Jersey. As noted on its website, this community-based organization "provides the framework for students to cultivate the talent, discipline, skills and principles they need to play, sing and appreciate America's original musical art form." Mike Lee, head of music instruction at Jazz House Kids, notes that some of its most advanced student musicians "range in age from nine to a grand old 12." Too young for obituaries?

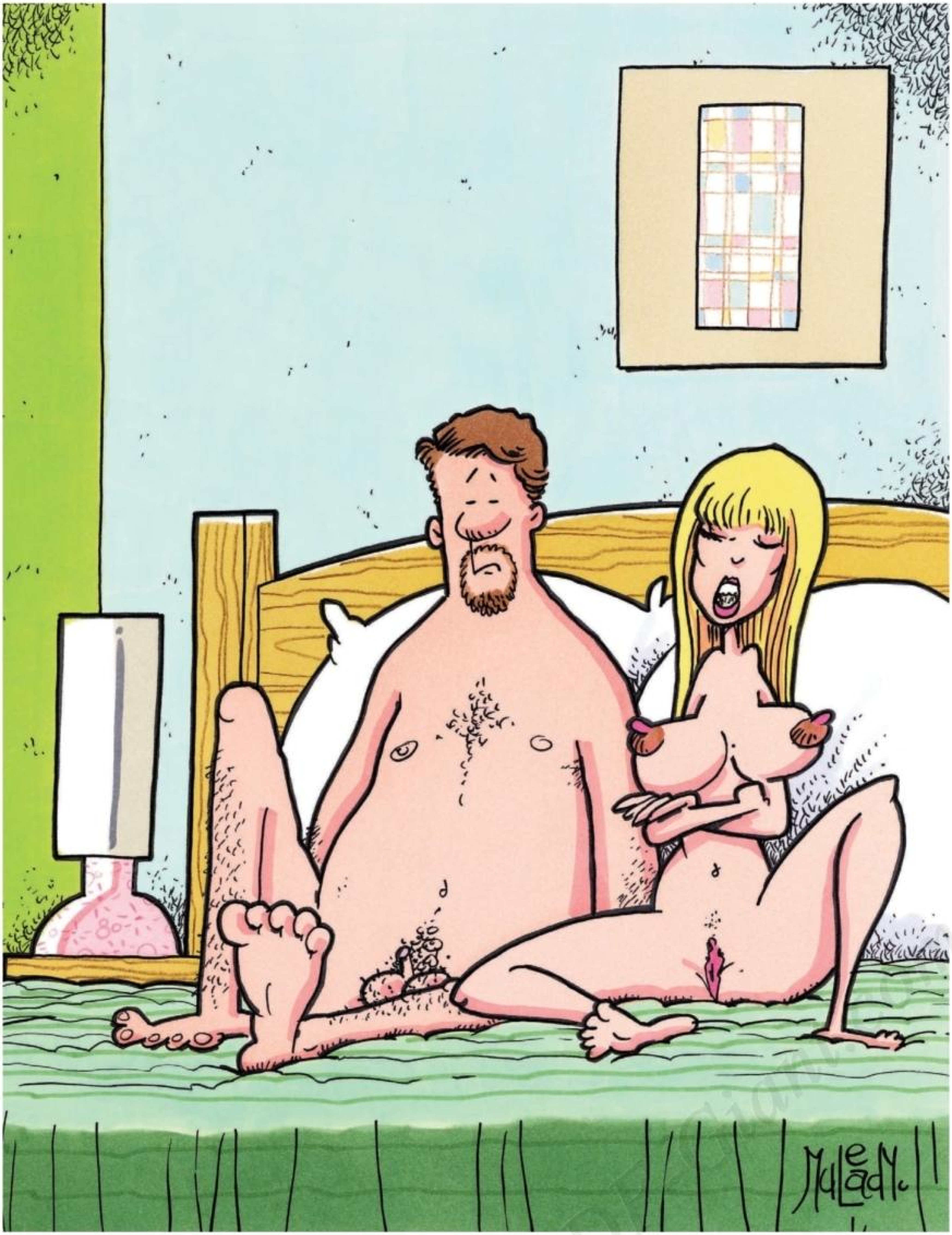
Since my three lifelong vocations are education, jazz and the Constitution, I'll proudly mention my kinship with the late jazz percussionist and composer Max Roach. In 1960, as the civil-rights movement was gaining momentum, I was A&R director at Candid Records when it released his album *We Insist! Max Roach's Freedom Now Suite.* "You write a lot about the Constitution," Max told me years ago. "So ours are individual [jazz] voices listening intently to all the other voices. That's how the Constitution works."

Whether or not We the People still have a living Constitution after Bush and Cheney and, more damagingly, Obama, I have many immortal reasons to rejoice: Max Roach, Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Charlie Parker, Sidney Bechet, James Moody, Billie Holiday and all the other creators of the spirit-lifting, thought-provoking life force this country has given the world.

Even if jazz, like our personal liberties, becomes another casualty of Americans' apathy, this freedom music will keep on living around the globe anyway. As Sidney Bechet told me, "You can't keep this music down wherever it wants to go." H

Nat Hentoff, a senior fellow at the Cato Institute, is a historian of the Constitution, syndicated columnist, jazz critic and *Washington Post* contributor. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.

OBAMA AIN'T TAKIN' MY GUNS, MARSHA! I GOT MY 2nd AMENDMENT RIGHT!
FINE. BUT TELL ME, JUST WHAT WELL-REGULATED MILITIA ARE YOU A MEMBER OF... "GENERAL"?



"I don't care if you took Viagra and have a four-hour erection.
A worthless two-inch dick is still a worthless two-inch dick."

KEN CUCCINELLI

What kind of absolute, total asshole tries to outlaw blowjobs? This one does. With his recent attempt to reinstate Virginia's throwback "Crimes Against Nature" law, the state's attorney general has once and for all declared himself the mortal enemy of all men. If Ken "The Cooch" Cuccinelli had his way, there'd be no oral sex, no anal, no handjobs, no anything that doesn't result in a God-fearing baby. Hell, he'd probably even outlaw those "VIRGINIA IS FOR LOVERS" bumper stickers. But here's the really bad news for Virginians: This anti-sex goon is trying to be your next governor.

The Cooch's recent effort to suck all the fun out of his state came after his prosecutors failed to nail a 47-year-old dude who asked a 17-year-old girl to blow him. They ignored the obvious charge of attempted statutory rape and instead tried to dust off the state's musty, crusty sodomy law since it would slap the old creeper with a rock-hard felony rather than just a limp misdemeanor. The U.S. Appeals Court—which exists in the 21st century—rendered a smackdown. The Cooch stepped in to stiffen up his cherished sodomy law. The court had to again slowly spell out *unconstitutional* for him.

That case involved a man and a girl, but Cuccinelli claims his war on penis-polishing is aimed at gays. He's so afraid of another man falling onto his dick that he's willing to ban any kind of sex that doesn't involve a vagina. "My view is that homosexual acts, not homosexuality, but homosexual acts are wrong," he crows. What the fuck does that mean? It's okay to be gay as long as you keep it bottled up until your balls explode? Can any straight dude ever imagine saying, "I sure do love the ladies, but I ain't ever gonna fuck one"?

Cuccinelli has tried before to turn his obsessive cockblocking into legal precedent. In 2010 he spouted an official—and failed—recommendation that Virginia's public colleges and universities not include sexual orientation and gender identity in their nondiscrimination policy. What's next? Straight-only water fountains?

Let's be clear about this: The idea of men fucking each other makes a lot of guys nauseous. But there's a big difference between not wanting to think about it too much and Cuccinelli trying to turn his homophobia into state-sponsored hate. Consenting adults should be able to fuck whomever they want and not have to be treated like second-class citizens for it. This is America, Kenny, not Saudi Arabia or Botswana or some damn place.

According to The Cooch, the kind of blowjobs he can't stop picturing "don't comport with natural law." The irony here is that Ken "Crimes Against Nature" Cuccinelli has already demonstrated louder and longer than a goose in heat that he doesn't know shit about nature.

Take his positions on global warming and pollution, which boldly display his ignorance that even Virginians need fresh air, water and a lack of hurricanes to live. Like a blustering Tea Party sock puppet, Cuccinelli plugs his ears and hollers blah, blah, blah at any mention of the Environmental Protection Agency.

He claimed the EPA "falsified data" in an attempt to drive Virginia's "economy into the ground." Why would the EPA would want to do that? Cuccinelli's not clear on that, but he's darn sure it has something to do with that black man in the White House, the one who also dared to raise fuel-efficiency standards in line with the Clean Air Act. (We won't even bother to go into The Cooch's flirts with birtherism and his war on Obamacare. It's the same old racist, obstructionist Tea Party claptrap.)

We can already hear Ken braying in objection: He's not anti-environment; he's against the government telling free enterprise what to do! Unfortunately, that's more Teabagger lip service. Taken as a whole, Cuccinelli's collective crusades reveal him as a typical right-wing ideologue who cares more about his imaginary wishworld than reality.

No one knows that better than Virginia's scientists. They've had The Cooch up their asses for so long, the state is now suffering a brain drain. Abusing his legal power to carry out a witch-hunt against climate researchers, Cuccinelli embarked on a long campaign to discredit the University of Virginia's former assistant professor Michael Mann, along with his colleagues, on the basis of the state's Fraud Against Taxpayers Act. The Cooch's claims of phony data were ruled vague and unwarranted—unlike Mann's precise, peer-reviewed work. According to Kenny's logic, climate change is a giant scam cooked up by crafty eggheads to milk taxpayers out of all that sweet funding cash.

The scam theory is one of Kenny's most pervasive and insidious themes. In his recent manifesto *The Last Line of Defense*, The Cooch vilifies all forms of assistance and funding as no better than theft and subsidized addiction. Medicare is "despicable," welfare is "unconstitutional," and covering healthcare needs specific to women is like being forced to pay for "kumquats." In Virginia, being a donkey's ass won't necessarily lose you an election, but Cuccinelli's bag-of-hammers approach to women's issues just might.

While the attorney general was at it, he decided to piss all over the minority vote as well. Not only did he openly oppose the federal government's lawsuit against Arizona's "show me your papers" law, he also tried to authorize Virginia cops to ask anyone they stop to prove their legal status. The one good thing about Kenny is that he's a useful blueprint of what's unfixable about the Republican Party.

Virginia's state Senate Democratic leader, Richard Saslaw, summed up Cuccinelli: "He was Tea Party before there was a Tea Party." And what if he gets elected governor? "The state is screwed," Saslaw said with a fine choice of words.

Obviously, there's only one good way to use Cuccinelli's beloved "Crimes Against Nature" law: to stop him from sodomizing Virginia. H

"There's nothing funny about Halloween... [it is] an infernal demand for revenge by children on the adult world." —JEAN BAUDRILLARD, PHILOSOPHER

WARSAW WOODIES

Recognizing that sex and death go together like peanut butter and chocolate or chloroform and cheerleaders, Polish coffin maker Lindner cooked up a very provocative promo calendar. So if you'd like to jerk off to a picture of a chick dragging a coffin away from the *Titanic*, order the firm's awesomely weird creation at **CalendarLindner.com**.

PHOTOS BY PIOTR FALENCIK (SMARTFOTOS.PL)

BLOODY BABES

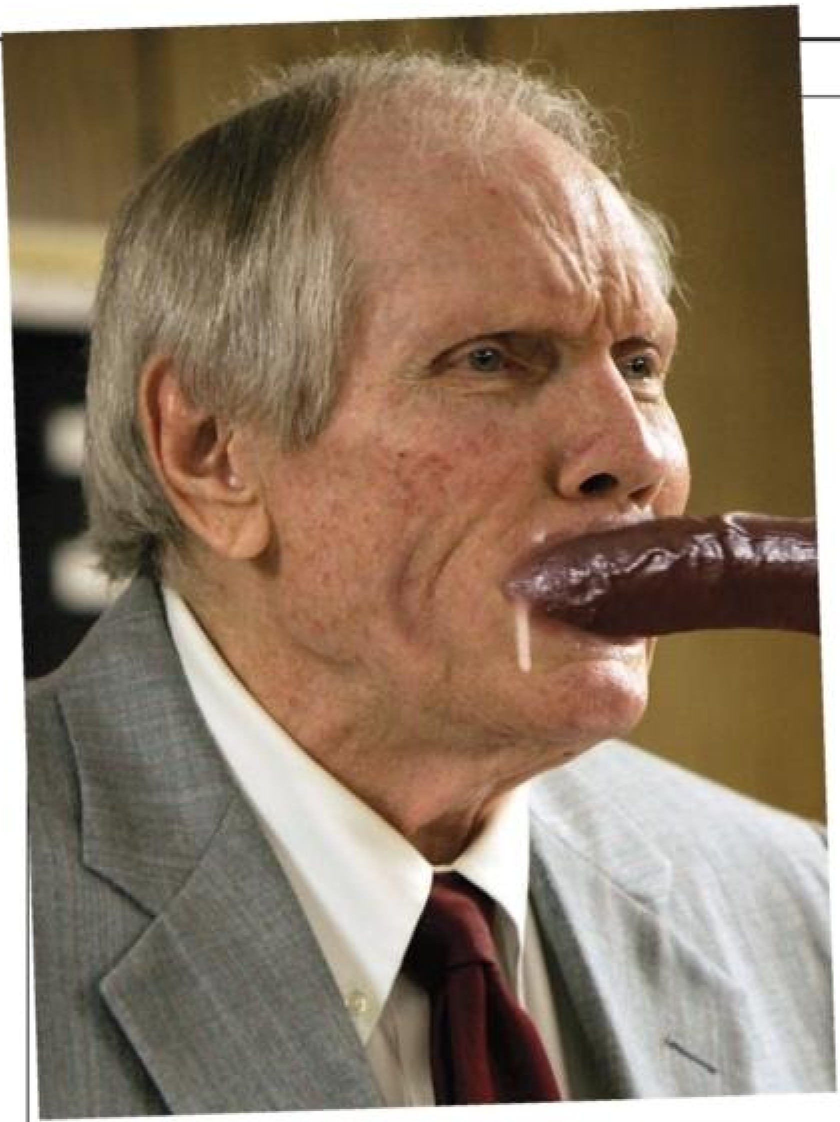
PHOTO BY PIERRE-PHILIPPE MARCOU/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

This captivating picture of naked chicks drizzled with fake blood was snapped during an animal-rights protest in Madrid, Spain. If it'll result in attractive female activists stripping in front of our headquarters, maybe HUSTLER should launch an animal experimentation and vivisection division after all.

SHOCKING BUST

Jennifer Marchant, better known to fans of plumper porn videos as Scarlett Rouge, is now facing a murder rap in New York City. According to news reports, her boyfriend bled to death after being stabbed in the neck during what authorities suspect was a domestic dispute with the former jizz-bizzer. Marchant claims she acted in self-defense.

PHOTOS BY SENSATIONAL VIDEO



CELEBRITY FANTASY

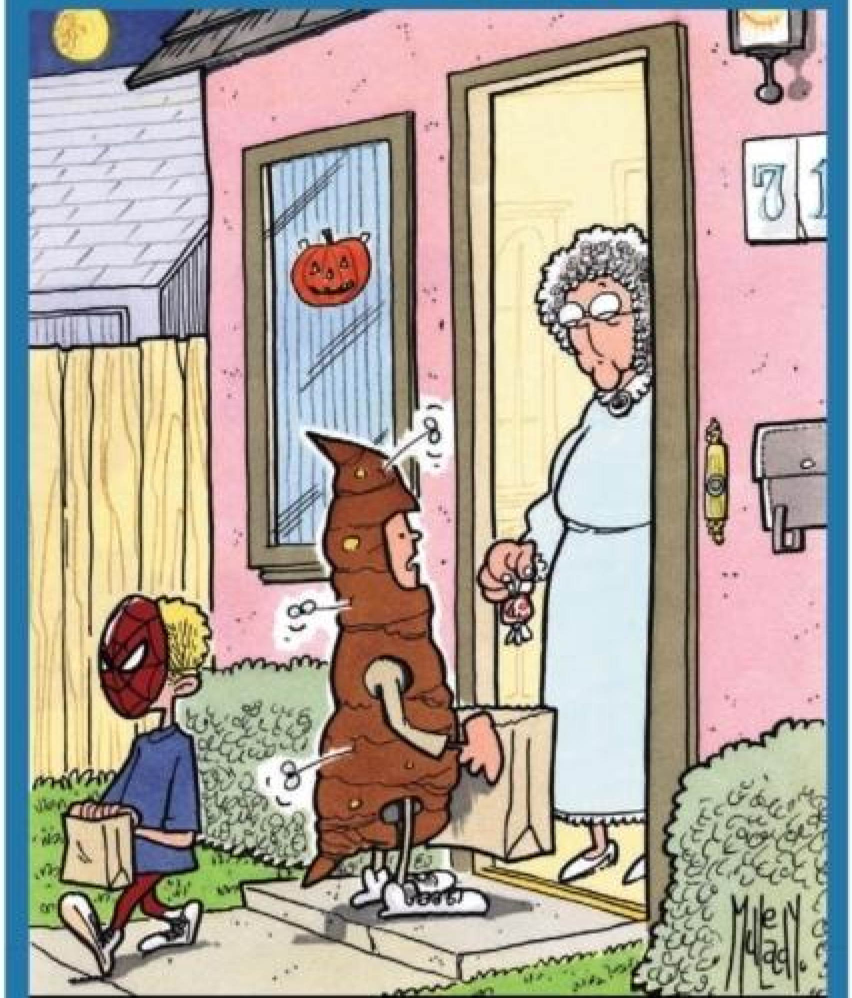
WHAT WOULD *Fred Phelps* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HIS MOUTH?

Led by pastor Fred Phelps, the Westboro Baptist Church in Topeka, Kansas, is well-known for picketing funerals with signs declaring that “God Hates Fags.” While some might suspect that anyone so fervently homophobic is probably covering up latent gay tendencies of his own, we won’t cast any aspersions on Reverend Phelps. We’ll just daydream about what would happen if Jesus showed up to tell this hatemonger that God actually loves everyone—straight and gay. Remember, Fred, it’s a sin to spill a single seed.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Fred Phelps actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

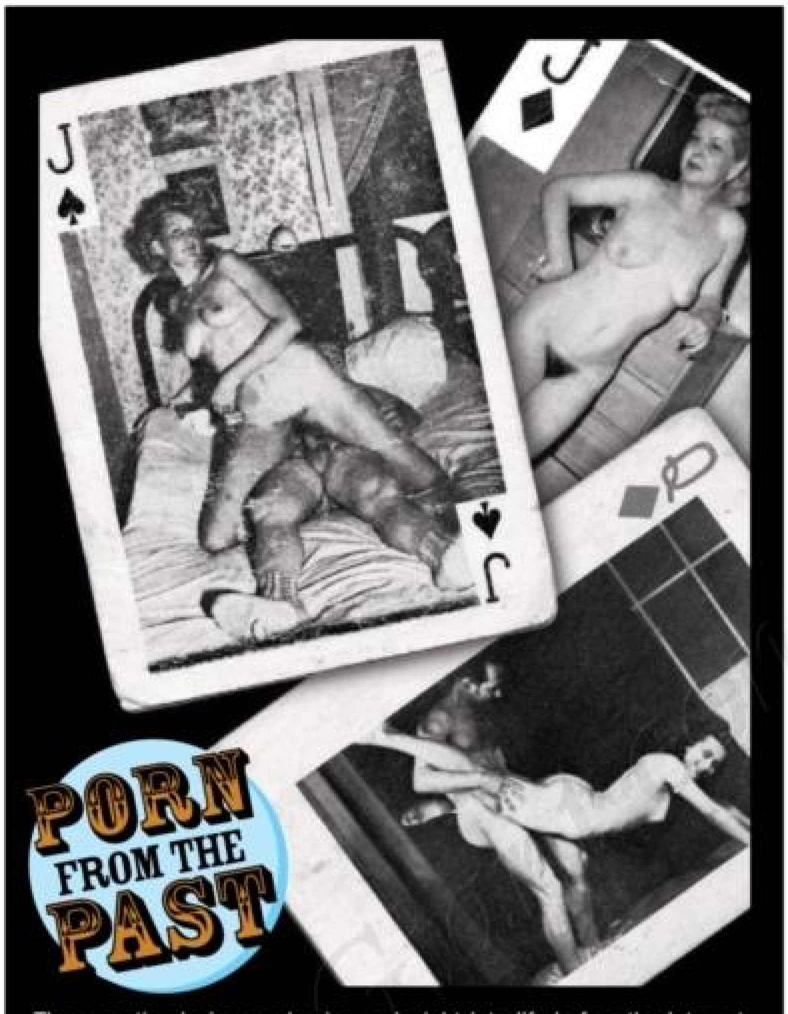
“You look at Cheney, Rumsfeld, Karl Rove and Bush. If you saw them on Halloween, they wouldn’t need a costume. . . They are demons.” —TOMMY CHONG, ACTOR

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



“A piece of shit is a good guess, but I’m actually supposed to be a Republican.”

PORN FROM THE PAST



These erotic playing cards give us insight into life before the Internet, when porn was much harder to find. If you could get your hands on a deck of nudie cards like these, it was a real coup. Unless, of course, the jack of spades turned out to depict your mom screwing your fifth-grade gym teacher. Thanks to D.C. of Rochester, New York, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER’s Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

HALLOWEEN HOTTIES

Unlike most women, porn stars don't need to wait for Halloween to dress like a slut. But when trick-or-treat time comes around, so does the annual Heaven & Hell party in Hollywood, inspiring top XXX talent to push the boundaries of the sexy costume to the limit. One chick didn't wear an outfit at all, but her vagina came dressed as Robin Williams.

ANGELINA VALENTINE

NATALIA STARR

ALEX CHANCE

PRESLEY HART

"Immediately after you read this quote, I will eat your soul." —*THE CREEPY GHOST STANDING RIGHT BEHIND YOU*

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Wish List

I loved the June '13 issue. The story and photos of the Miss Bumbum competition [*Bits & Pieces*] drove me crazy. What a hot lineup. Lana Lopez [*Heat Wave*] and Abigail Mac [*Let's Get Dirty*] looked so hot and sexy. And I'm definitely going to order Helmut Newton's book after seeing his photos [*Hardcore or High Culture?*]. The article on Jessica and Monica Sexxxton [*Love Me, Love My Mom*] had my cock throbbing instantly. I'd love to be in a movie with them. The only thing hotter would be a grandmother with her daughter and granddaughter. I'd love to order all their movies and write to them.

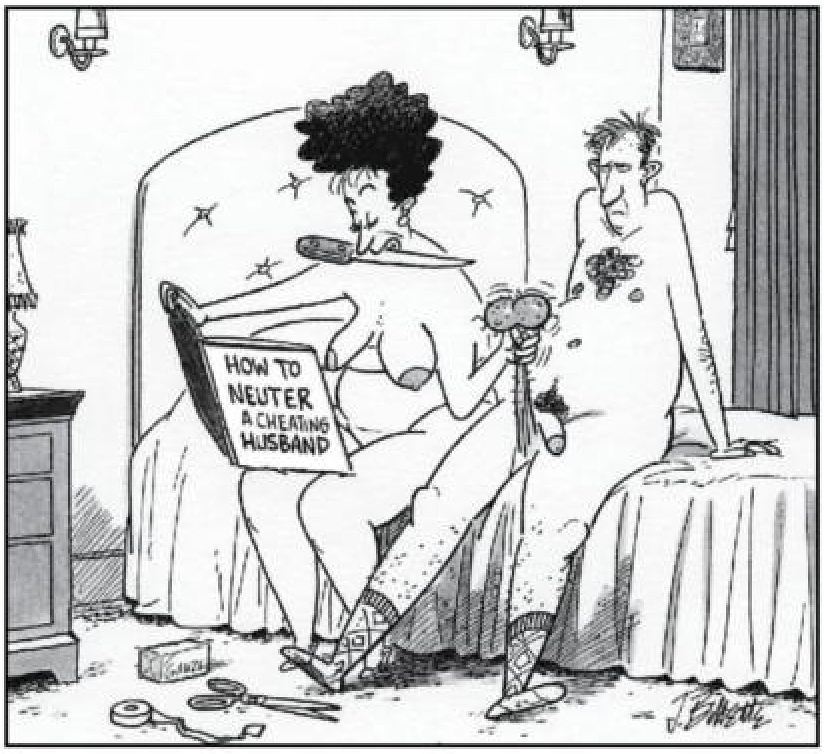
In the *Beaver Hunt* section (my favorite part of HUSTLER), the ladies were all amazing. Demi Capri looks so hot! I can think of a lot of things to tell her to do while we're in bed, and I would go skyfucking with her any time. Magdalena looks so sexy! I'd love to tie her up, blindfold her and fuck her pretty face with my long, thick, throbbing cock till her eyes are watering and she's begging to be fucked from behind while she's watching lesbian porn. Then I'd talk dirty to her and stretch her tight, little pussy.

Magdalena

Ginger Mae can get naked for me any time. I'd love to photograph her and two other girls using their tongues, fingers and vibrators on each other. She's so sexy! Do any of these ladies have photos for sale? I'd also like to buy *Busty Beauties Car Wash* and the video about General Petraeus's cheating scandal.

—Shawn Connelly
Kansas City, Missouri

As always, thanks for the praise, Shawn! No photos of our lovely Beavers are for sale, but you can order *Busty Beauties Car Wash* or *The General Is All In* by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or go to HustlerStore.com.



HOW TO NEUTER A CHEATING HUSBAND

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of crazy letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Something can come from nothing and return to nothing again, and that's the reality principle! From nowhere and no place, God came and entered what we call reality. When God enters reality, everything and everyone else comes after him. Actually, he comes out to the universe, and all of the stars, planets, suns and galaxies were there. The life to populate everything comes later; but God came out first and has to come out first. The last one to come out is the devil, and that's because his job is to end all life and close out reality and bring everything and everyone back in with him, even God. God will come out again at another time to another universe, and the whole process will start over again and of course end with the devil again. It's an endless process that began when God was just born and won't stop! **—Bryan Dash**
Long Beach, California

Guns Blazing

Considering that Larry Flynt was shot, I can see his aversion to guns. But in your latest issue the satirical piece about children being armed [Gun Owners of America parody, June '13] is just over the top.

So, Mr. Flynt, while you attack the Second Amendment, maybe it's time for Congress to come see you again. Since an 18-year-old in this country is too young to drink, maybe it's also time to stop you from publishing pictures of 18-year-old children with their cunts splayed wide open.

If you have no problem with the government taking away my Second Amendment rights, I too have no problem with the government also taking away your rights to freedom of speech and press. As a matter of fact, eliminating the First Amendment might actually make this nation a better place. We would no longer be subjected to all the bullshit we now have to hear, especially from you bleeding-heart, fucking liberal crybabies.

—H.S.
North Collins, New York

Don't sweat bullets, H.S. No one is talking about taking away *all* your guns, but equating weapons used to kill people with words is just crazy. Nonetheless, we appreciate your enthusiasm and readership!

Family Affair

I wanted to thank you for another great issue (June '13). I enjoyed seeing all the pretty girls and their great bodies. You guys are always number one with all the bald pussies! Thanks and keep them coming!

I also have to comment on the (mother) Jessica and (daughter) Monica feature. It was a nice interview and photos. I really would love to see more photos of them both showing off their sexy and hot bodies! See what you guys can do about this, and hopefully I'll see more of the Sexxxtons soon!

—Craig K.
Columbus, Ohio

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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GONE GIRL

A JOYRIDE WITH CHARLOTTE STOKELY

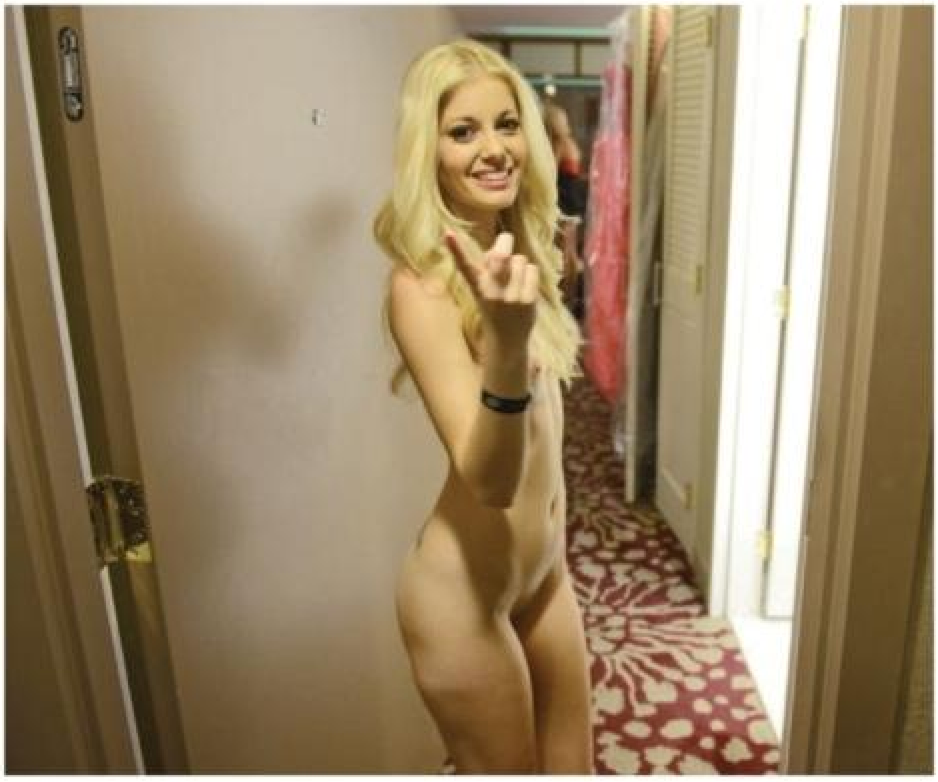
BY NATE "IGOR" SMITH

DrivenByBoredom.com's public-nudity specialist takes one of porn's most elusive beauties into the wild.

The first time I got into a car with Charlotte Stokely was right before the 2013 AVN Awards in Las Vegas. It was Charlotte's first AVN since 2008. She had left the adult industry for a while to go to school, but she was back, and we were running late. She was supposed to be on the red carpet at 6 p.m., and it was now 6:30. But if nothing else, Charlotte is a very thoughtful person and insisted on driving me to my car.

She pounded a small bottle of wine in front of the valet and told him she needed to finish it before she got in the car. She is so cute and charming that all he could do was laugh as she handed him a $10 tip.

PDF



She drove 50 mph through the MGM Grand parking deck, slowing to 45 at stop signs. She screamed at pedestrians to get out of her way. The smell of burning tires was all that remained only seconds after I got out of her car, flustered but really excited to have met someone as intense as Charlotte. Needless to say, I volunteered to drive a few days later when we headed out to the desert in search of great adventures and even better photos.

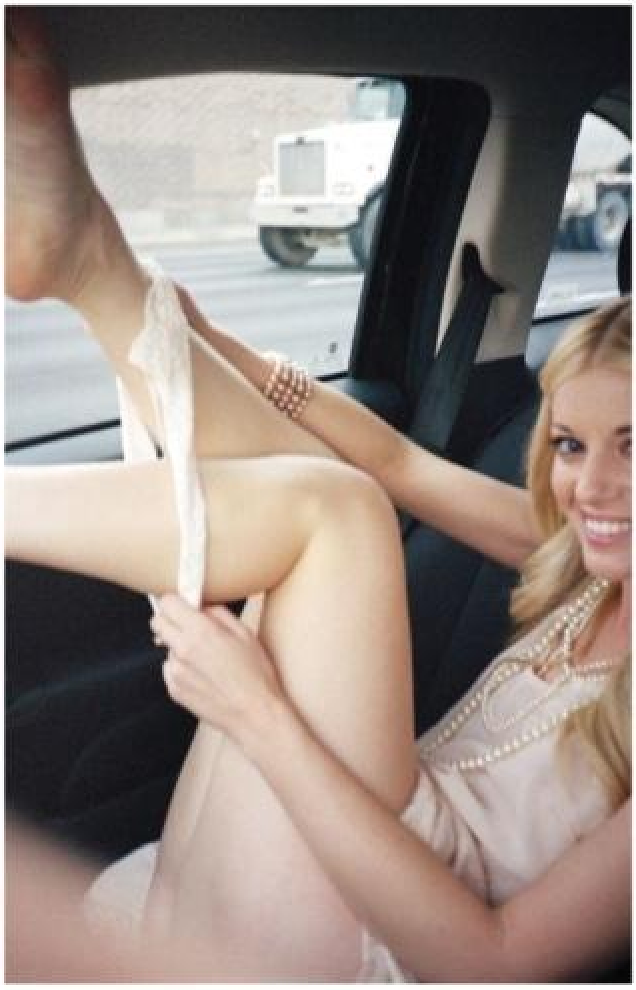
I had rented an absurdly small car during my week-long L.A. trip, and I had already put more than 600 miles on it driving to Vegas and back and all over L.A. taking photos of porn stars. It had been an eventful week for this tiny car, but it was about to get better.

I picked Charlotte up at her place, and we headed to Joshua Tree National Park, about 150 miles due east in the Mojave Desert. We had a destination, but the trip was the real goal. As we rolled down the I-10, we didn't really have a plan. But as soon as we saw a billboard advertising robotic dinosaurs, I knew we had to stop.

After a few illegal U-turns, we managed to make it to Cabazon Dinosaurs. Driving up, I suddenly realized that these were the dinosaurs from *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*. Holy shit, we had to shoot some nudes inside of a giant T-rex!

This moment was pretty much what each of our lives had led up to. For a mere $7 we were let into a weird gift shop full of robotic dinosaurs. Charlotte seemed legitimately nervous that one of them was going to jump out at her at any second. Next, we headed out to where the life-size dinosaurs made their home. Charlotte dug for bones and sluiced for fossils and ended up with some shiny rocks.

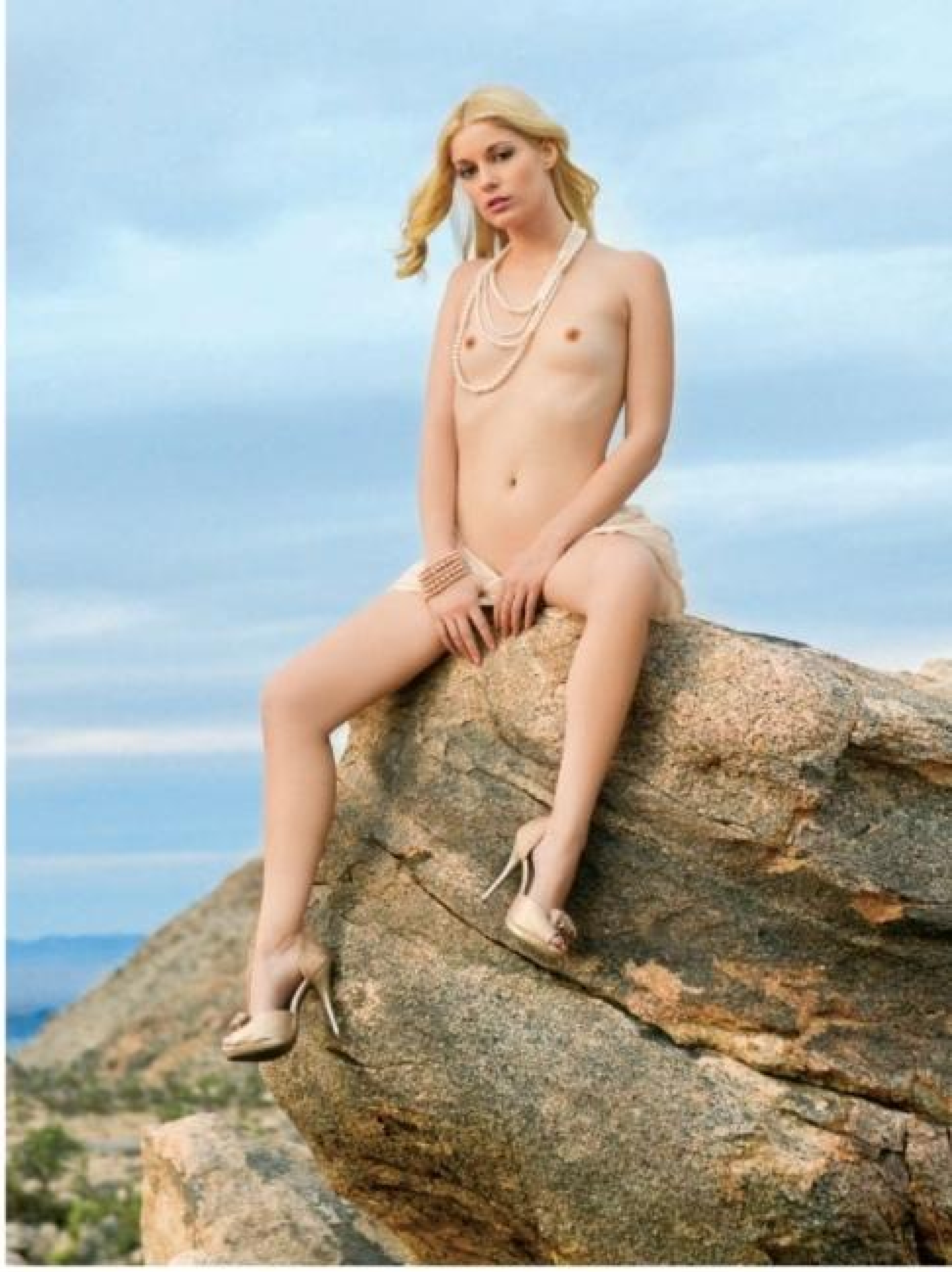
When we finally made it into the head of the T-rex, I could not have been more psyched. Security cameras watched our every move. I couldn't imagine the trouble you could get into for exposing yourself at an attraction aimed at little kids, but we just had to shoot there. It turned out that Charlotte was, of course, not wearing underwear. I got the shot. Pee-wee would have been proud.



Somehow evading arrest, we dropped by the Wheel Inn restaurant, where an awesome Native American waitress served Charlotte a hot turkey sandwich that may have been bigger than her head. I bought a shot glass with a dinosaur on it, and we both bought postcards for our loved ones back home.

On the way out, we stripped Charlotte naked and took a few photos of her dwarfed by the giant brontosaurus made famous in the climax of the classic Fred Savage flick *The Wizard*. There were people everywhere. Charlotte jumped into the driver's seat of my rental car stark naked, and we sped away toward Joshua Tree. I snapped photos voraciously.

Charlotte remained naked until we exited the highway. I don't know what was more amazing: how few people noticed the beautiful blonde driving naked down the highway or how effortlessly Charlotte managed to get her dress back on at 75 mph.



As we pulled into Joshua Tree National Park, the sun was beginning to set. We drove all this way, and we were barely going to have any time to shoot. It got colder and colder. Charlotte was a trouper. She spotted a good place to pull off and ran into a patch of desert studded with Joshua trees and climbed a cluster of rocks only about 100 feet from the road. People in passing cars could easily see us as Charlotte stripped, put on a pair of brand-new heels and clambered on the huge rocks.

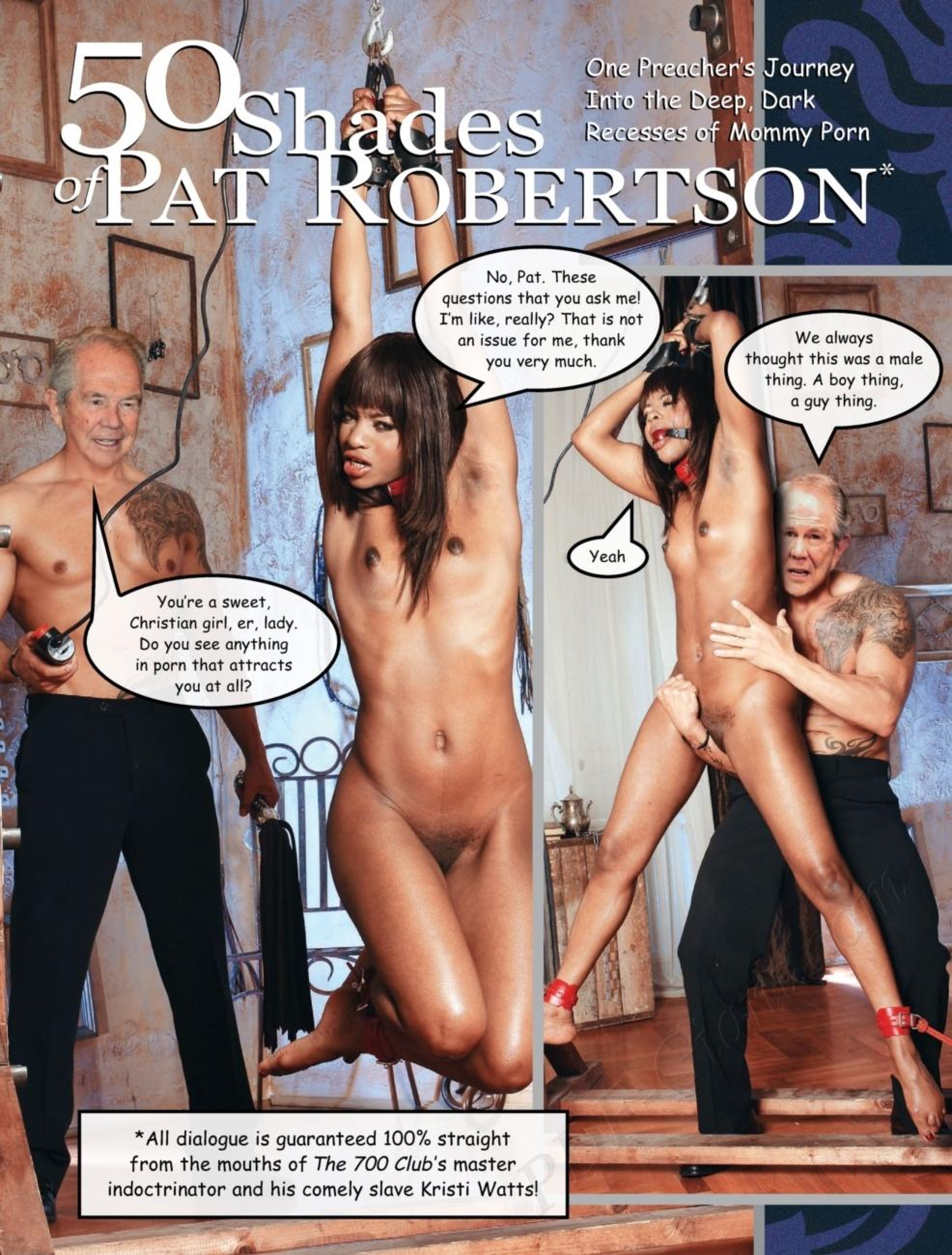
Despite the cold, Charlotte ended up spraying a $10 bottle of champagne all over herself. Her only reaction was "I ruined these shoes. I guess I can always sell them to a fan."

We got some great shots. As the sun crept behind the mountains, we headed back. On our way we stopped at a Denny's to eat more gross food and terrify the waitress with some diner nudity.

We finally made it back to Charlotte's place more than eight hours after we'd started. I took a few more shots as she got ready for bed. Then I drove downtown to hang with friends for my last night on the West Coast. The perfect end to a fantastic day.

50 Shades of PAT ROBERTSON*

One Preacher's Journey Into the Deep, Dark Recesses of Mommy Porn


You're a sweet, Christian girl, er, lady. Do you see anything in porn that attracts you at all?
No, Pat. These questions that you ask me! I'm like, really? That is not an issue for me, thank you very much.
We always thought this was a male thing. A boy thing, a guy thing.
Yeah

*All dialogue is guaranteed 100% straight from the mouths of *The 700 Club*'s master indoctrinator and his comely slave Kristi Watts!

The thing that shocks me is, now it looks like 30% of women are involved in pornography!
Yes
Like *Fifty Shades of Grey*!
Yes! And this author is a little housewifey type. While most people think of pornography as something men struggle with, a third of the millions of Americans who watch porn are...
Women!
And they're getting addicted to it. The devil is very seductive, and we have to realize that he is a seducer. The women commit unspeakable acts not because they like to do so, but because they are pawns of some of the most evil human beings on the planet.
Those nymphets in those porn movies were selected out of thousands to get just the most shapely ones.

Good grief, they've got everything you can imagine, all kinds of sexual intercourse and nudity and filthy language. I mean, it's gross!
Fornication is a sin against your own body. Jesus is living within you. Are you going to take the body of Christ and join it to a harlot?
Yes! Yes! I mean no! Lord God, I sinned! Please cleanse it from me!

How easy is it to slip back into an old habit after being delivered from porn?
It's about as easy as a dog going back to his vomit! That's what the Bible says!
You may be inhabited by some demonic force, and you need help to cast that thing out of you. Commit your life to Jesus Christ and give him your heart and mind and your sex organs. Give it all to him!
Ahhh-men!
Oh yeah!

PDF-Giant

TIFFANY PAIGE

FULL MOON FEVER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LADI VON JANSKY

Giant.com

Tiffany Paige's introduction to the nude-modeling biz came in an unlikely place—a bookstore. "I was working at the cash register," she recalls, "and a couple of geeky-looking guys came in and asked if I would ever consider doing porn." **Tiffany** decided to take the plunge but wanted to select a pseudonym beforehand. "When I told my girlfriend I was going to do porn," the nubile Nevadan explains, "let's just say she wasn't very happy about it. So I used *her* name!" As for the not-so-distant future, **Tiffany** hopes it includes a wild fuck session on a nude beach, a trip to Cuba and excessive amounts of her two favorite things—sex and laughter.

TIFFANY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Las Vegas, Nevada** | AGE: **19**
BIRTH SIGN: **Cancer** | HEIGHT: **5-2** | WEIGHT: **115**

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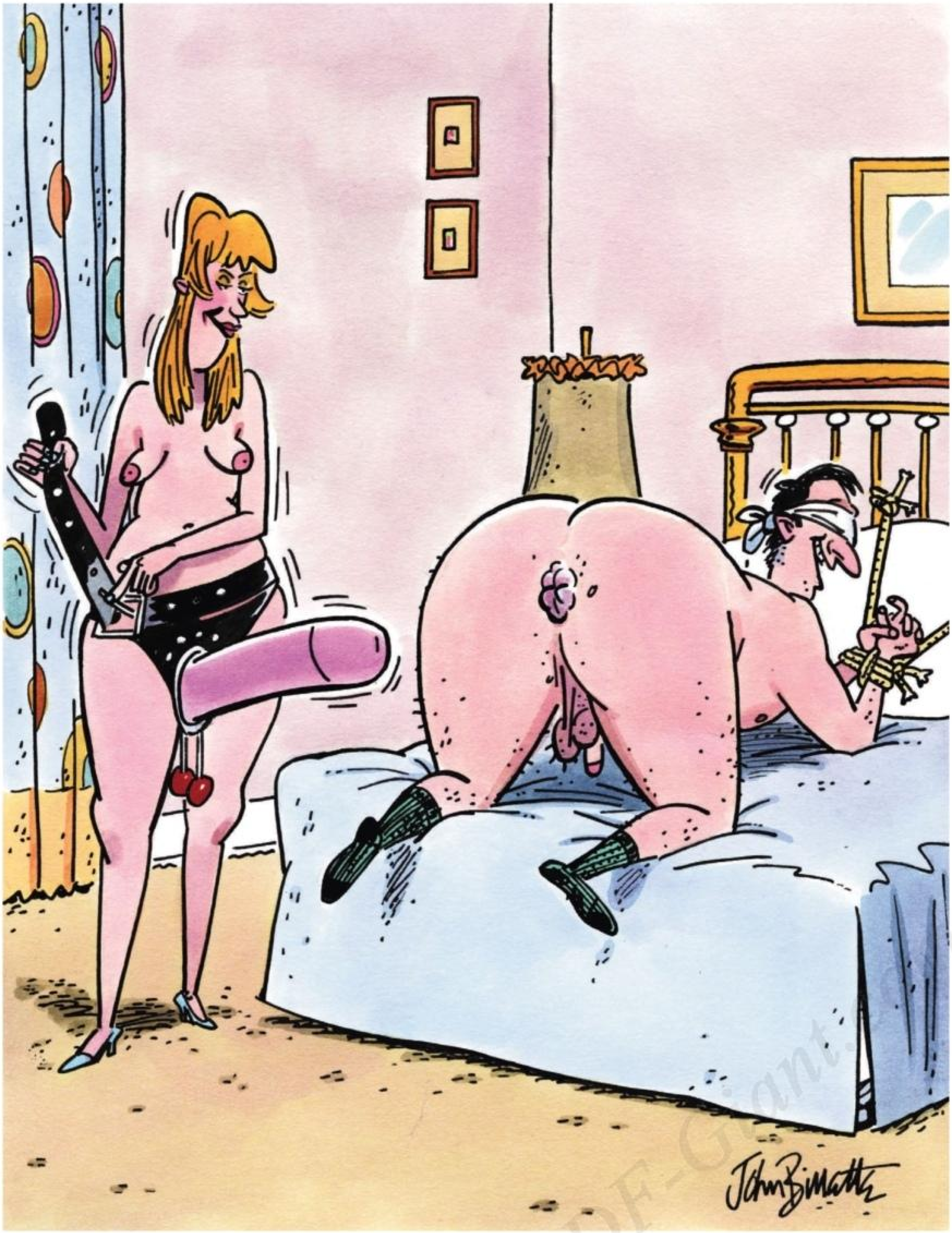


"Okay, I can't see, and I let you tie me up. So what's this big surprise you promised me?"

HOLLISTON'S
HOUSE OF HORRORS

BY LANA SIAS
PHOTOS BY NICK FARRELL

If you're seeing monsters, puking on your friends, getting paid to be sexually abused by bisexual rock stars and watching your buddy's head explode, you're either in L.A. tweaking hard on meth or you're Adam Green, the writer, director and star of Fearnet.com's horror sitcom *Holliston*. Abandon hope—and taste—all ye who enter here.

Crouched demonlike in a residential neighborhood in North Hollywood, California, is a place called ArieScope Studios. Outside, it looks like any other house, but inside, it's a house of horrors. The man lurking within loves it that way. His name is Adam Green—director, writer, actor and all-around creepy impresario. With his good friend Joe Lynch, he's created an online show for horror geeks to die for. The memorabilia lining the walls and shelves of Adam's office are a collective ode to the joy of the macabre. There are monsters, Madballs, Faces of Death and Gremlins. Stitch them all together, and you get his mutant brainchild, *Holliston*.

FRIENDS OF GORE

Imagine two guys stuck in Holliston, Massachusetts, wasting their lives. They have a dream: Make movies and get famous, but the reality called "making ends meet" is seriously messing things up. Their days are spent hosting a schlocky cable-access horror show, chasing after objects of lust and mounting lame attempts to make their movie *Shinpads* come to life. Yes, *Shinpads*. It's a movie about zombie soccer players. Green has taken *Friends* and infected it with the horror genre.

The cocktail of camaraderie and gore has struck a chord with horror fans. Green says that even though gore freaks have an affinity for blood and violence, "they're all cool with each other. You could go to a convention with 17,000 people that you've never met and make at least 20 friends by the end of the day. They're very nice people." That's why *Holliston* works. It's relatable.

THE DEMON'S SPAWN

Thirteen years ago Adam Green wrote and directed a nice, normal movie called *Coffee & Donuts*. It was about a guy, a DJ, who wants to get his girlfriend back, work out his early-20s angst and in the process learn to be a better human being, blah, blah, blah. People relate to that. They eat it up.

But Adam couldn't keep to "normal." He had a little demon—a deranged, hideously deformed monkey on his back: his love for horror movies. Lured by the dark path, he followed his romantic pabulum with *Hatchet*, *Frozen* and *Hatchet II*.

During promo duties for *Hatchet* he met Joe Lynch. According to Joe, it was a "brother from another mother" situation, à la *Basket Case*. Who's Belial? That's for you to decide.

Joe Lynch is a filmmaker in his own right. He too has a love for the hideousness of humanity. *Wrong Turn 2: Dead End*, *Chillerama*, *Knights of Badassdom* and the upcoming *Everly* are his genre entries. Asked why he likes horror, Joe says it's because it's visceral. A perfectly legitimate answer, but he's taken it to the next level. He's eaten punches, sustained head injuries and suffered gaping holes in his leg for his craft. His motto: "Pain is temporary; film is forever."

MONSTERS OF HORROR

The two film freaks found they had some shared history: Adam attended Hofstra University, Joe wasn't far away on Long Island, both idolized John Landis, and they fed off one another's humor like a demented Martin & Lewis. Creepiest of all, they had a connection to a certain, strangely unifying rock legend: Dee Snider of Twisted Sister. Adam had crossed paths with Snider on multiple occasions and eventually befriended him. Joe grew up with Snider as a family friend.

Adam and Joe clicked and began work on *Chillerama* together. They would make plans to meet up, away from significant others, just the two of them. They'd take long walks and share ideas on quiet, languid Saturday afternoons. >>

Adam Green

Laura Ortiz

Joe Lynch

Corri English

PHOTO BY WIREIMAGE

It was a real bromance. Joe describes it as "Fifty Shades of Green." But instead of a boring necktie on the cover, it would be emblazoned with a bitchin' metal T-shirt.

Working the horror-festival circuit, Adam and Joe eventually found themselves breaking bread with icons like Wes Craven, Tobe Hooper, Guillermo Del Toro, Dario Argento and Michael Mann. Joe describes it as a "total geek-out." One day Landis walked in, gregarious as ever. After seven or eight encounters the director stopped butchering Joe's name and remembered who he was.

After seeing Joe's movie *Wrong Turn 2*, Landis sent him an email with a two-page thesis about it. Joe was overjoyed. One of his proudest moments is the day Landis really took a stand for him. Landis was asked by a producer to direct the film *Knights of Badassdom*. He went in and said, "You don't want me. You want the young version of me. Call this guy Joe Lynch." So it was. *Knights of Badassdom* has yet to be released—allegedly, this is because the film was taken away from Joe and sliced to ribbons.

ENTER THE FLESH

Enough about the guys! Are there tits in *Holliston*? Yes, there are tits. They're just not visible. But they're there, attached to the luscious Corri English and Laura Ortiz.

Corri plays Adam's love interest. After dumping Adam and leaving town, she's back. He is fixated on her: her pleasure, her happiness. It borders on obsession. He might be a stalker or maybe just a guy in love who doesn't know how to say it. Who wouldn't love Corri? She's boisterous, smart, steadfast and outspoken. And, in her own words, she "has a vagina that smells like a brand-new action figure!"

From time to time you'll catch Corri singing on the show. She's not acting. In real life she sings in a country band called Brokedown Cadillac.

Corri's compadre on the show is Laura. While not the brightest of females, the character is funny, kind, but prone to bouts of insanity, perhaps even dark magic. She's an artist. Imagine Hieronymus Bosch and Salvador Dalí have a child and rear it on Clive Barker films and heroin, and its only solace is to crawl into a bed at night decorated with way too many Precious Moments pieces.

I asked Laura to describe her character. "She's an awesome artist, duh." No, she's not; we just covered that. "She loves her friends. She absolutely adores Joe." And "we get to see a little deeper into their relationship this season."

You might recognize Laura from her work in the 2006 remake of *The Hills Have Eyes*. She played little Ruby, one of the youngest members of the Jupiter clan. Take a look at her picture. She's the shit now, but in that movie, great googa mooga! What nightmares she created. She asks that you follow her on Twitter @LauraTiz. Do so at your own peril. >>

"Miss, I think you have one of the strongest cases I've ever seen. What is the plastic surgeon's name?"

"Reports continue to filter in! The country is still under attack by hordes of brain-eating zombies! Strangely, regular viewers of Fox News go untouched."

WHY *HOLLISTON* KILLS

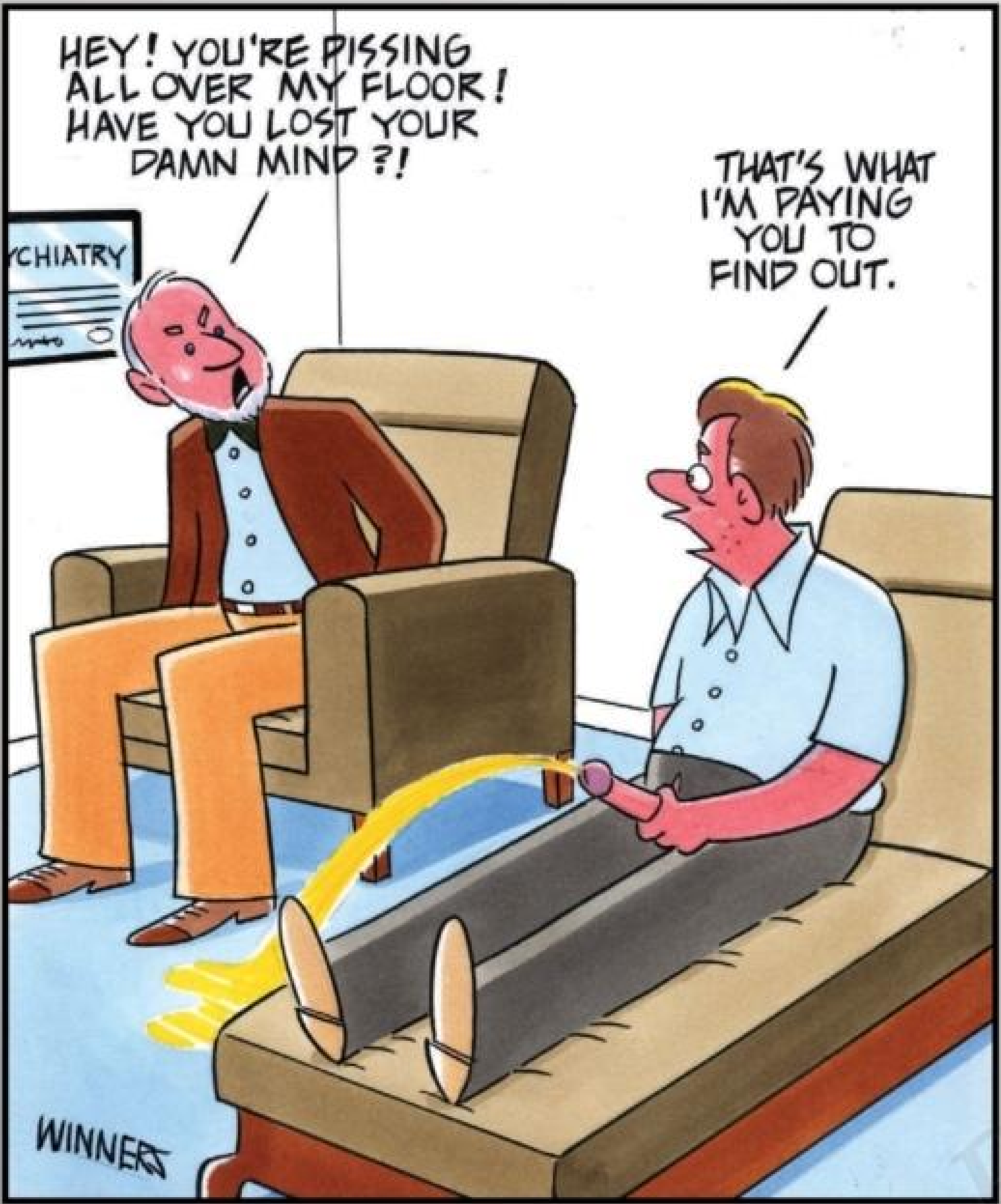
Dee Snider is in it. So is Oderus Urungus of monster-metal band GWAR--and sometimes all of GWAR. John Landis, Seth Green, Tony Todd, Danielle Harris and Kane Hodder have all guest-starred. For those blissfully unaware among you, Kane Hodder is that big, silent, killing machine in all of the *Friday the 13th* movies. That's right, Jason Voorhees, bringer of doom, creature of ruin for sexy teen vacations. This may be a tangent, but have you noticed that Jason always has the decency to wait until the fucking wraps up to pursue his kill? That is, with the exception of the pesky virgin. He's never once nailed her, but that's how virgins are.

There are naked men in bathtubs. For four six-hour days Adam and Joe sat in a tub naked for your amusement. Warm water was poured in by a few sympathetic crew members, but it didn't stay warm. So there they sat. Two straight men naked in a tub. Vomit and head injuries ensued.

And there's gore, gore galore and almost every bodily fluid. Unable to express himself emotionally, Adam often turns to cutting to relieve his pain. He goes deep. It gets nasty. There's also the occasional face melting. Not unlike Laura's artwork.

And there's always a *Scanners* moment. To quote Laura Ortiz: "Seeing someone's head blow up never gets old."

"Good job, Kenny! You really earned your knot-tying merit badge!...Now go away!"


HEY! YOU'RE PISSING ALL OVER MY FLOOR! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR DAMN MIND?!
THAT'S WHAT I'M PAYING YOU TO FIND OUT.
CHIATRY
WINNERS

BLOOD AND GUTS 2.0

Holliston has not only been renewed, but the seasonal episode count has been upped from six to ten. Everyone is elated. According to Adam, "Season Two is batshit-crazy compared to Season One. The first three minutes are crazier and gorier than anything in Season One. Emotionally, a lot of stuff goes bad for people."

Apparently, Joe will be on the receiving end of even more Kane Hodder knockouts. That's okay with Joe, whose focus is always on celluloid immortality.

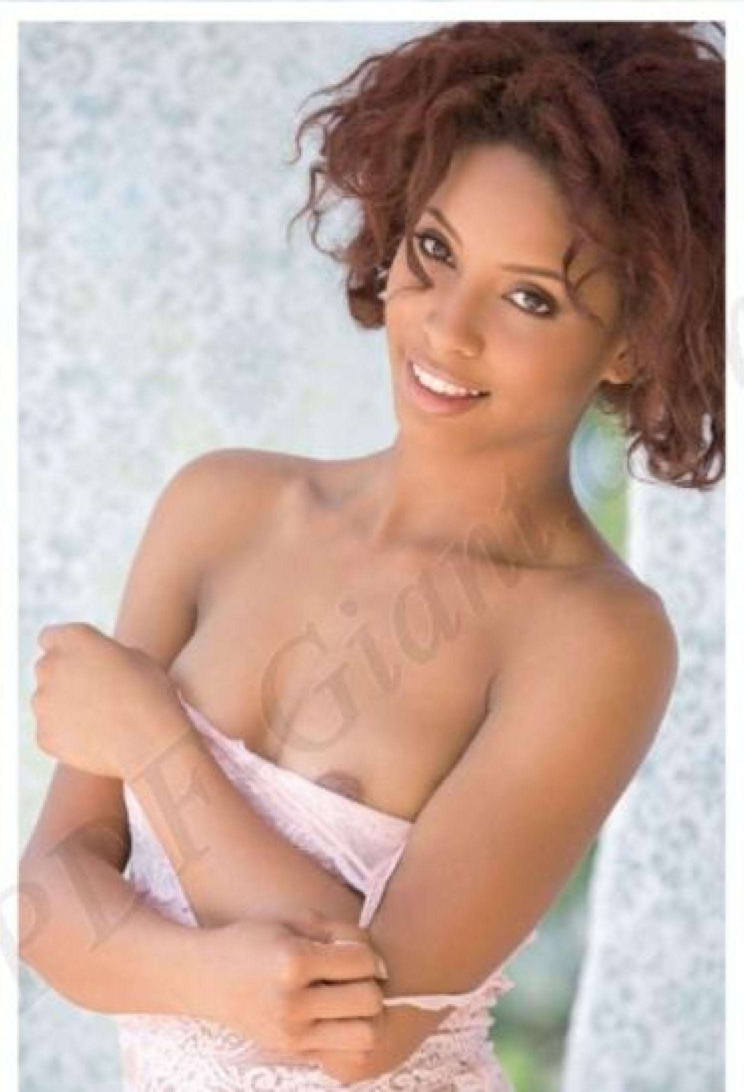
Corri has high hopes for Season Two: "I was really lucky to get exactly what I would have asked for in a character for Season Two! It's always great to have a character with a big emotional arc. When Adam handed me the new scripts, I was just like, thank you! He really killed it, as usual."

Holliston is funny and nasty—sometimes even stomach-churning—but Adam Green doesn't want you to forget that the show also has depth: "It's a comedy on Fearnet, so people watch it because they know it's going to be violent, and it's going to be silly and ridiculous, but there's so much heart in the show. I think people underestimate horror fans and forget that they're people too. If anybody understands what it's like to be heartbroken or rejected or disenchanted, it's this group of people. That's why we're a culture, not just fans."

SPENCER
BLISS

FLEETING FOX

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM



Appreciate these pictures of **Spencer Bliss**, dear readers, because it's likely you'll never again get to ogle her in the buff. While gracious enough to pose for us, she has apparently decided—to the great dismay of all—not to pursue a modeling career. **Spencer** has returned to her studies, but we'll remain eternally grateful to her for giving us this glimpse.

PD Giant.co

SPENCER'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Los Angeles, California** | AGE: **19**
BIRTH SIGN: **Aquarius** | HEIGHT: **5-4** | WEIGHT: **110**

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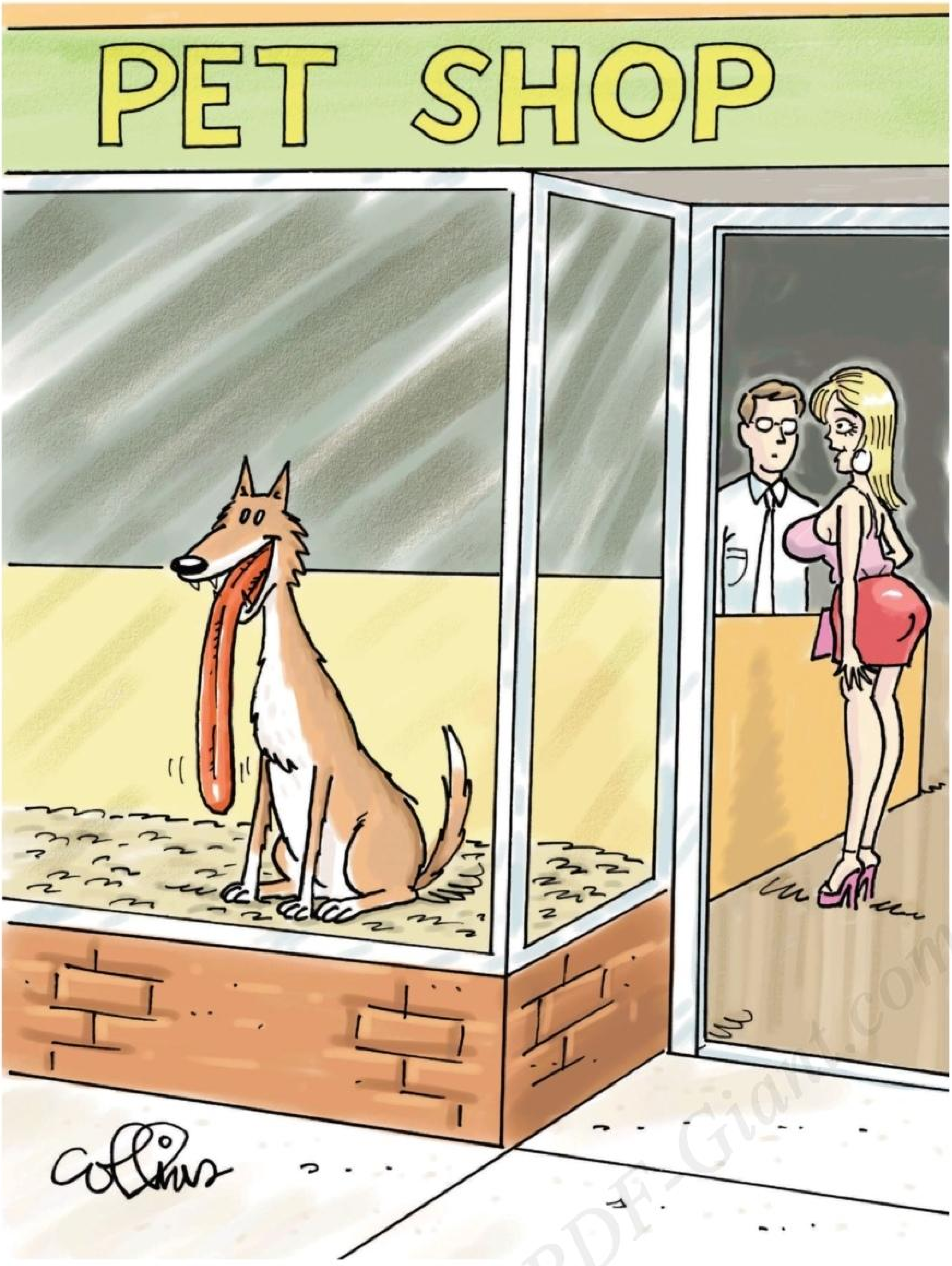
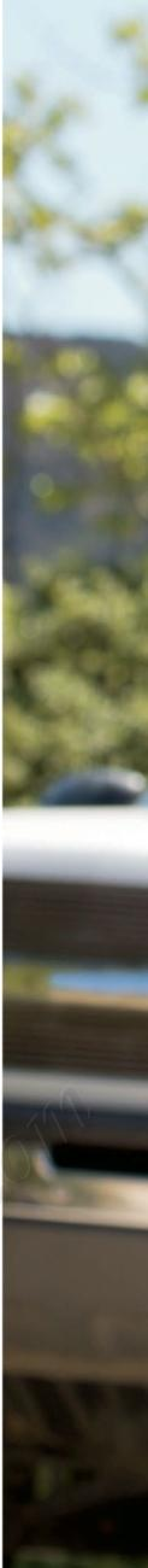


"How much is that doggy in the window? Whatever it is, I'll take him."



STACI
SILVERSTONE

HOT PICKUP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Staci Silverstone began modeling and performing in adult fare just months after turning 18. This sexually precocious newcummer with captivatingly perky boobs is always up for expanding her XXX skill-set, practicing yoga and soaking up love from her ever-growing fan base. "No matter what you do," **Staci** remarks, "there will always be haters. But I'm all about positive thinking, good energy and focusing on the nice people who appreciate me!"

STACI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Miami, Florida** | AGE: **18** | BIRTH SIGN: **Taurus** | HEIGHT: **5-2** | WEIGHT: **110**

Rev me up!
xoxo,
Staci

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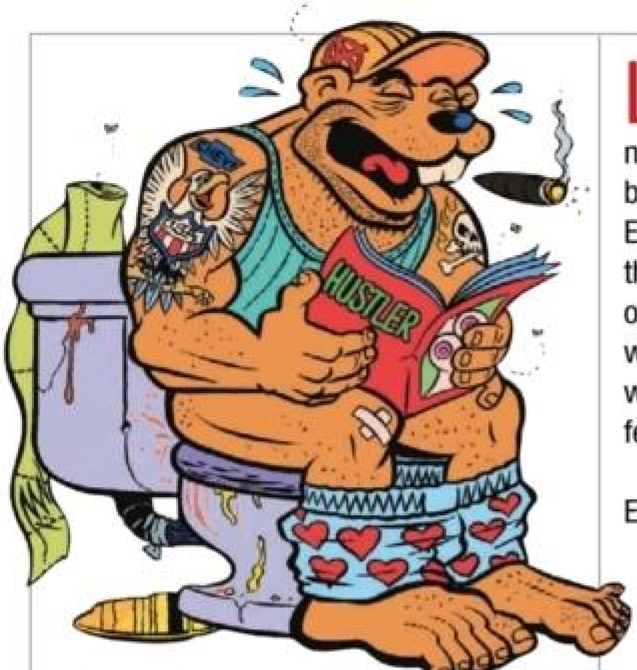


Fed up with her husband's drinking, Marybeth decided to teach Albert a lesson. As usual, he left for his regular watering hole right after dinner, while Marybeth proceeded to stitch together a terrifying devil costume. Hoping to frighten Albert and remind him of his sinful ways, she waited by the front door until he returned. But when Marybeth leapt out at him, the drunkard barely flinched.

"I ain't scared of you, Satan," Albert snapped. "I'm married to your sister."

Looking for his favorite shaving products at a London pharmacy, a Texan tourist named Tim bellowed, "Y'all got any American razor blades in this fancy store? All I see are damn Billettes."

The British druggist said, "Billette 'as been producing the finest swords, surgical instruments and razors since before Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo."

"I don't give a damn if they ain't any good," Tim snorted.

"I can assure you of their quality, sir," the peeved Brit muttered. "Just last year my wife accidentally swallowed one. It gave her a tonsillectomy, an appendectomy and a hysterectomy, and then it circumcised the gardener. And I still got ten shaves out of that razor."

HUSTLER Wisdom: When you think about it, the penis has a pretty rough life. His family's nuts, his neighbor is an asshole, his best friends are pussies, his hair is always a mess, and—to top it off—the poor little dick's owner habitually beats him until he vomits.

Lucinda was in her ninth month of pregnancy and unable to deliver the goods in bed. So she gave her horny husband, Enrique, $20 and told him to approach their female neighbor, whose hubby was out of town, with a deal for sex. Enrique went next door without questioning his wife's motive but came back in a just a few minutes.

"She said it'll cost at least 50 bucks," Enrique explained.

"Why that greedy witch!" Lucinda growled. "I never charged *her* husband that much."

During a work break, Misty and Amanda were discussing the merits of cosmetic surgery. "I need to be honest with you," Misty fessed up. "I'm getting a boobjob."

"Aw, that's nothing," Amanda huffed. "I'm gonna have my asshole bleached!"

"Really?" Misty wondered. "I just can't picture your husband as a blonde."

Question: What's the difference between a lawyer and a hooker?

Answer: The hooker stops fucking you after you're dead.

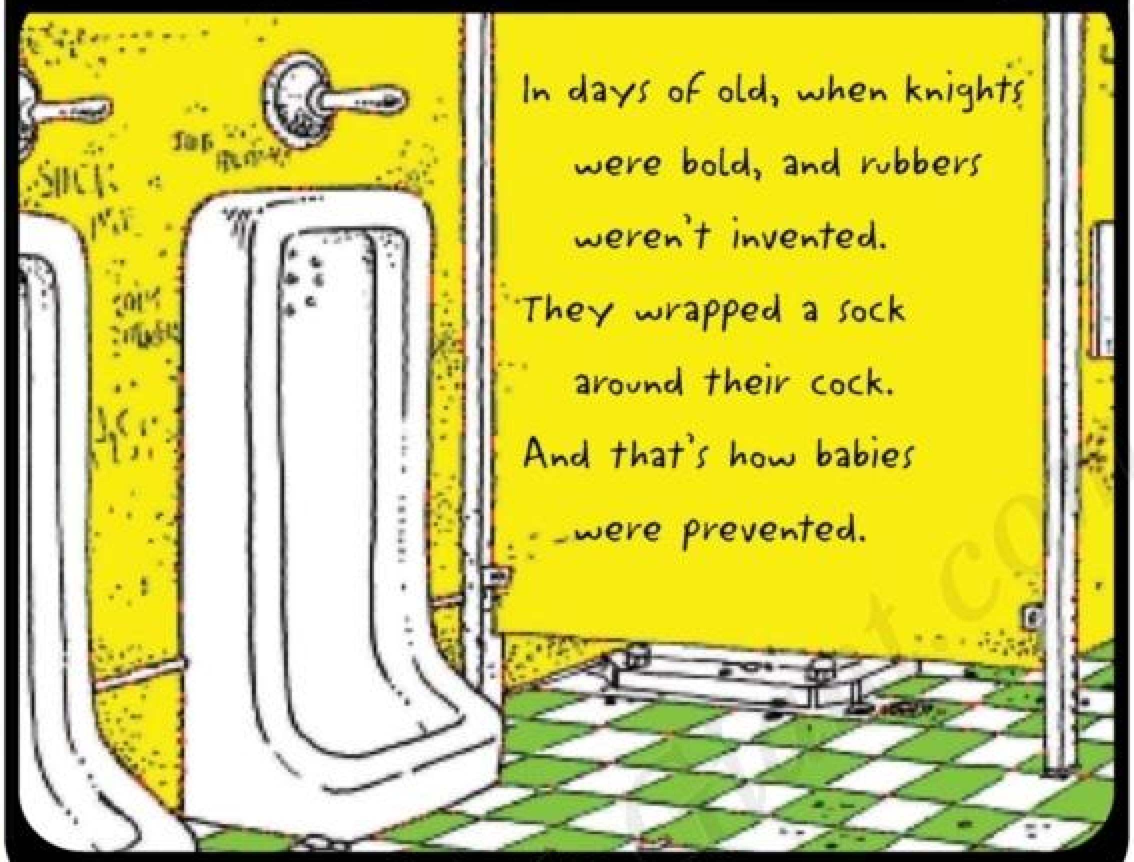
A cop stopped his patrol car when he saw a couple sitting on the curb. The guy was borderline unconscious, lying on his side with his pants pulled down. The girl had her middle finger in his asshole, poking him with a vengeance. "What the hell's going on here?!" the lawman asked.

"This is my blind date," the pretty gal answered. "After I told the guy I wouldn't spend the night with him, he started pouring down the booze. Now he's too drunk to drive me home, so I'm trying to sober him up by making him puke."

"That's not gonna make him puke," the cop remarked.

"Oh, yeah?" the babe hissed as she resumed finger-blasting the passed-out Romeo's butthole. "Wait till I put this finger in his mouth."

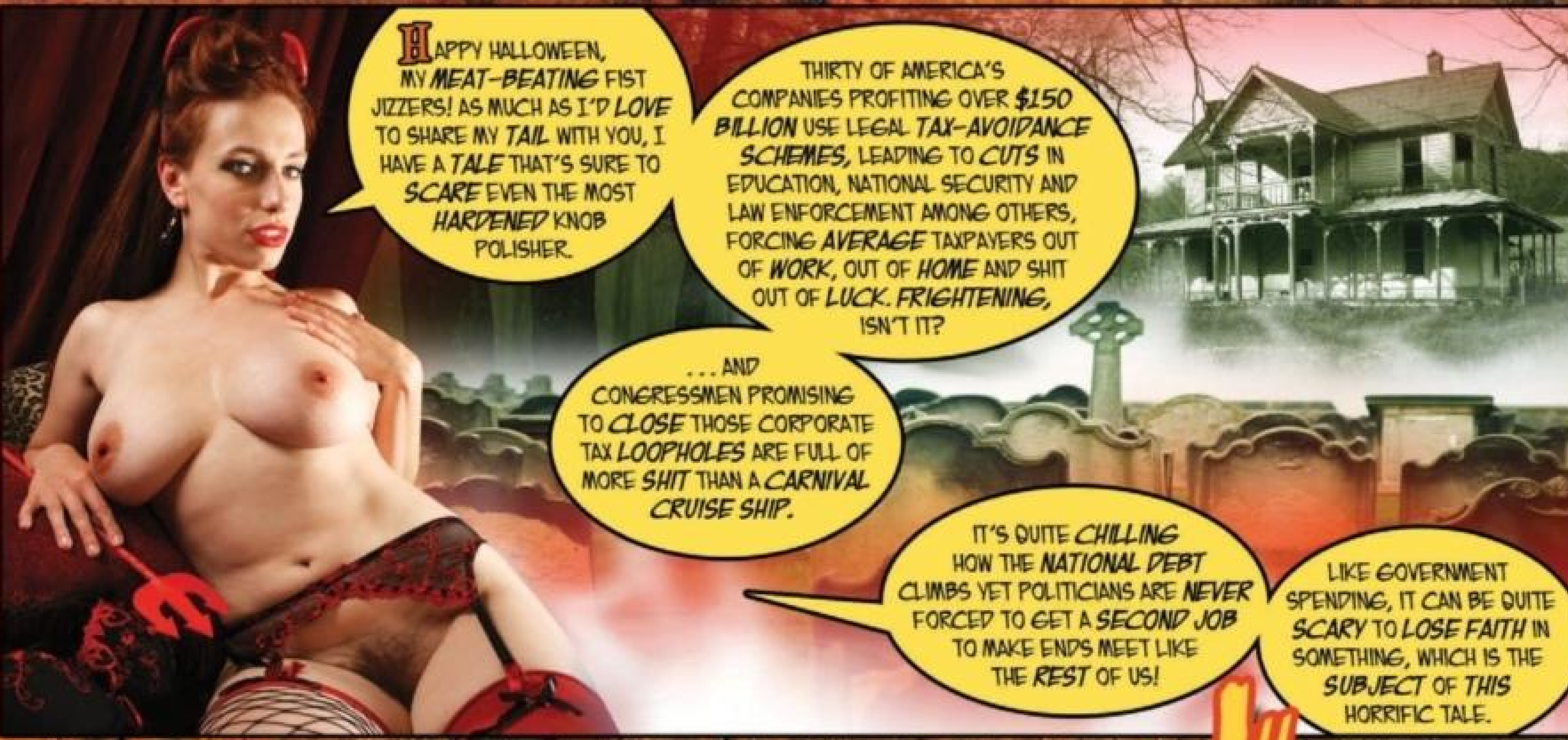
GRAFFILTHY



In days of old, when knights
were bold, and rubbers
weren't invented.
They wrapped a sock
around their cock.
And that's how babies
were prevented.

Thanks and $50 go to B.M.

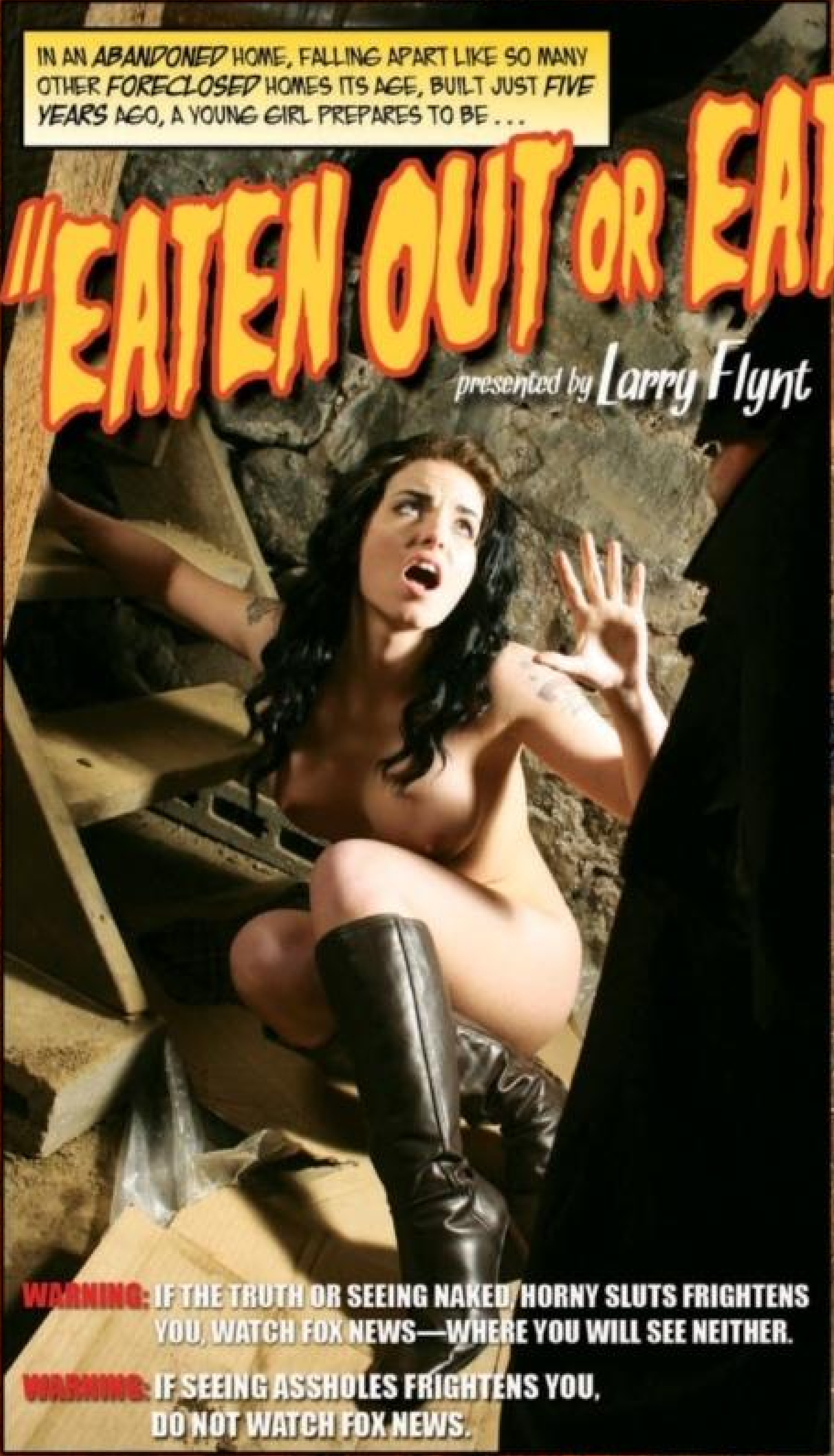
HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.* If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.


HAPPY HALLOWEEN, MY MEAT-BEATING FIST JIZZERS! AS MUCH AS I'D LOVE TO SHARE MY TAIL WITH YOU, I HAVE A TALE THAT'S SURE TO SCARE EVEN THE MOST HARDENED KNOB POLISHER.
THIRTY OF AMERICA'S COMPANIES PROFITING OVER $150 BILLION USE LEGAL TAX-AVOIDANCE SCHEMES, LEADING TO CUTS IN EDUCATION, NATIONAL SECURITY AND LAW ENFORCEMENT AMONG OTHERS, FORCING AVERAGE TAXPAYERS OUT OF WORK, OUT OF HOME AND SHIT OUT OF LUCK. FRIGHTENING, ISN'T IT?
. . . AND CONGRESSMEN PROMISING TO CLOSE THOSE CORPORATE TAX LOOPHOLES ARE FULL OF MORE SHIT THAN A CARNIVAL CRUISE SHIP.
IT'S QUITE CHILLING HOW THE NATIONAL DEBT CLIMBS YET POLITICIANS ARE NEVER FORCED TO GET A SECOND JOB TO MAKE ENDS MEET LIKE THE REST OF US!
LIKE GOVERNMENT SPENDING, IT CAN BE QUITE SCARY TO LOSE FAITH IN SOMETHING, WHICH IS THE SUBJECT OF THIS HORRIFIC TALE.

IN AN ABANDONED HOME, FALLING APART LIKE SO MANY OTHER FORECLOSED HOMES ITS AGE, BUILT JUST FIVE YEARS AGO, A YOUNG GIRL PREPARES TO BE . . .

"EATEN OUT OR EATEN ALIVE!"

presented by Larry Flynt

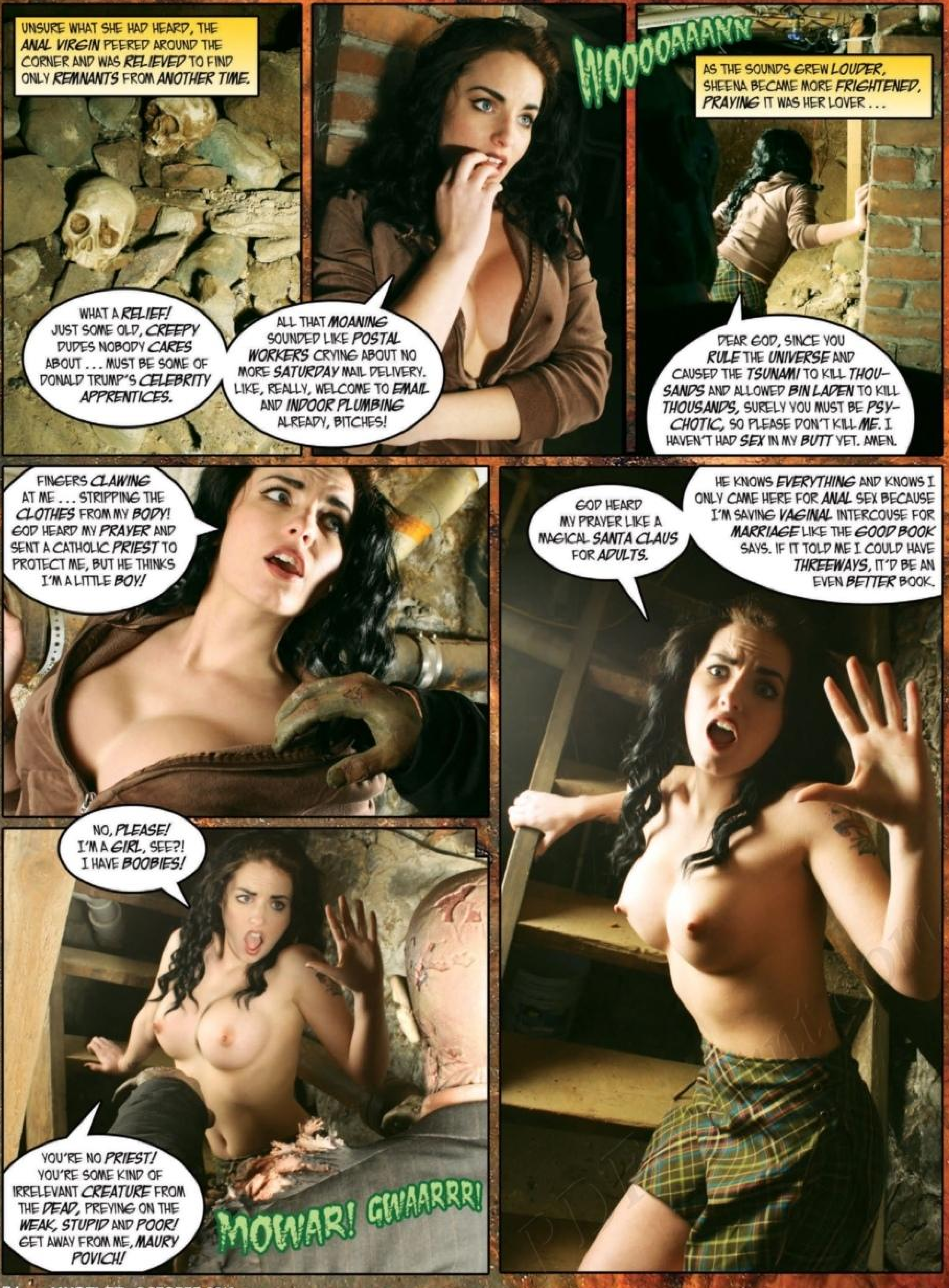


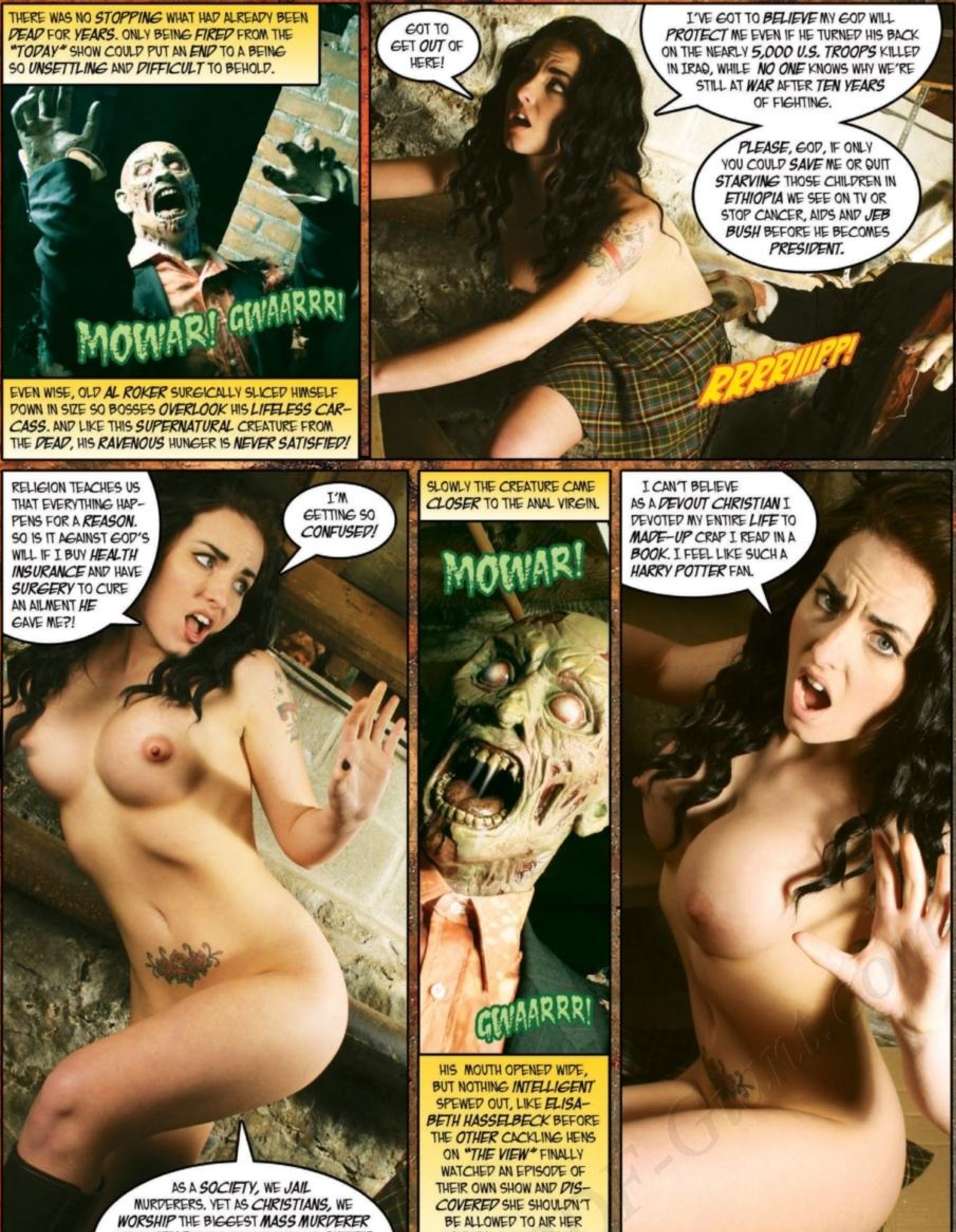
GEEZ, WHAT'S TAKING SO LONG? LES SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE BY NOW.
I COULD TRY CALLING, BUT AFTER USING MY PHONE TO PLAY GAMES, LISTEN TO MUSIC, TAKE PICTURES, TEXT, TWEET AND TAKE A DUMP, I FORGOT HOW TO ACTUALLY TALK ON IT.
IT ALL STARTED WHEN SHEENA VERSAZNO PLANNED A ROMANTIC EVENING BUSTING HER ASS-CHERRY "JIMMY FALLON-STYLE," ENDURING CRINGE-WORTHY PAIN FOR THE WORLD'S LONGEST HOUR WONDERING HOW ANYONE COULD LIKE IT.

WOOOOAAANNNNNN
WHAT WAS THAT NOISE? SOME-ONE MOANING . . . OR CRYING.
IT SOUNDED LIKE JESSE JACKSON JR. WHEN HE ADMITTED USING $750,000 IN CAMPAIGN FUNDS BUYING BRUCE LEE MEMORABILIA AND MICHAEL JACKSON COLLECTIBLES.
I CAN'T BELIEVE KIDS EVEN BOUGHT A MICHAEL JACKSON DOLL WHEN THEY COULD'VE PLAYED WITH THE REAL THING FOR FREE!

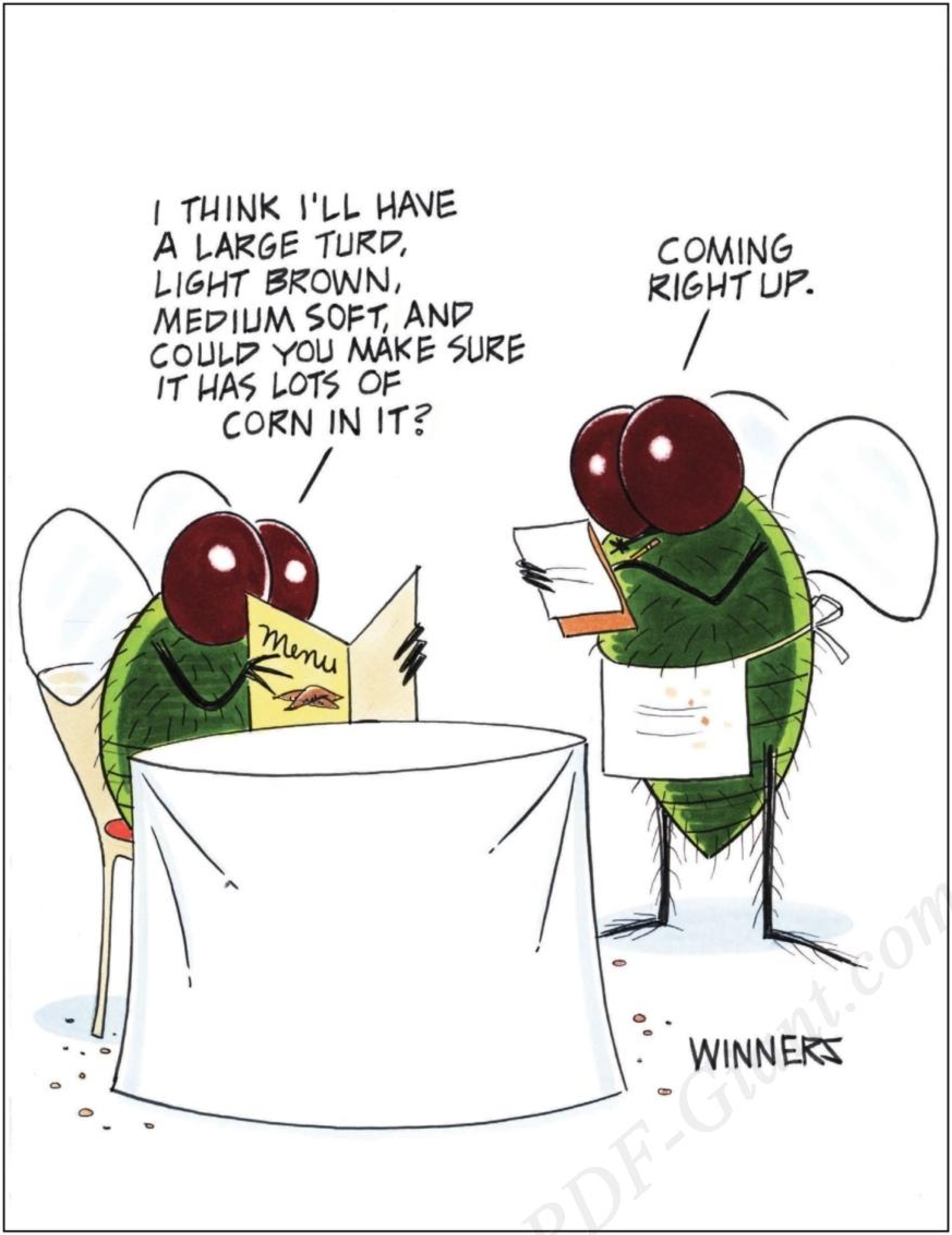
WARNING: IF THE TRUTH OR SEEING NAKED, HORNY SLUTS FRIGHTENS YOU, WATCH FOX NEWS—WHERE YOU WILL SEE NEITHER.

WARNING: IF SEEING ASSHOLES FRIGHTENS YOU, DO NOT WATCH FOX NEWS.


UNSURE WHAT SHE HAD HEARD, THE ANAL VIRGIN PEERED AROUND THE CORNER AND WAS RELIEVED TO FIND ONLY REMNANTS FROM ANOTHER TIME.
WHAT A RELIEF! JUST SOME OLD, CREEPY DUDES NOBODY CARES ABOUT . . . MUST BE SOME OF DONALD TRUMP'S CELEBRITY APPRENTICES.
ALL THAT MOANING SOUNDED LIKE POSTAL WORKERS CRYING ABOUT NO MORE SATURDAY MAIL DELIVERY. LIKE, REALLY, WELCOME TO EMAIL AND INDOOR PLUMBING ALREADY, BITCHES!
WOOOOAAANN
AS THE SOUNDS GREW LOUDER, SHEENA BECAME MORE FRIGHTENED, PRAYING IT WAS HER LOVER . . .
DEAR GOD, SINCE YOU RULE THE UNIVERSE AND CAUSED THE TSUNAMI TO KILL THOUSANDS AND ALLOWED BIN LADEN TO KILL THOUSANDS, SURELY YOU MUST BE PSYCHOTIC, SO PLEASE DON'T KILL ME. I HAVEN'T HAD SEX IN MY BUTT YET. AMEN.
FINGERS CLAWING AT ME . . . STRIPPING THE CLOTHES FROM MY BODY! GOD HEARD MY PRAYER AND SENT A CATHOLIC PRIEST TO PROTECT ME, BUT HE THINKS I'M A LITTLE BOY!
GOD HEARD MY PRAYER LIKE A MAGICAL SANTA CLAUS FOR ADULTS.
HE KNOWS EVERYTHING AND KNOWS I ONLY CAME HERE FOR ANAL SEX BECAUSE I'M SAVING VAGINAL INTERCOUSE FOR MARRIAGE LIKE THE GOOD BOOK SAYS. IF IT TOLD ME I COULD HAVE THREEWAYS, IT'D BE AN EVEN BETTER BOOK.
NO, PLEASE! I'M A GIRL, SEE?! I HAVE BOOBIES!
YOU'RE NO PRIEST! YOU'RE SOME KIND OF IRRELEVANT CREATURE FROM THE DEAD, PREYING ON THE WEAK, STUPID AND POOR! GET AWAY FROM ME, MAURY POVICH!
MOWAR! GWAARRR!


THERE WAS NO STOPPING WHAT HAD ALREADY BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS. ONLY BEING FIRED FROM THE "TODAY" SHOW COULD PUT AN END TO A BEING SO UNSETTLING AND DIFFICULT TO BEHOLD.
MOWAR! GWAARRR!
EVEN WISE, OLD AL ROKER SURGICALLY SLICED HIMSELF DOWN IN SIZE SO BOSSES OVERLOOK HIS LIFELESS CARCASS. AND LIKE THIS SUPERNATURAL CREATURE FROM THE DEAD, HIS RAVENOUS HUNGER IS NEVER SATISFIED!
GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
I'VE GOT TO BELIEVE MY GOD WILL PROTECT ME EVEN IF HE TURNED HIS BACK ON THE NEARLY 5,000 U.S. TROOPS KILLED IN IRAQ, WHILE NO ONE KNOWS WHY WE'RE STILL AT WAR AFTER TEN YEARS OF FIGHTING.
PLEASE, GOD, IF ONLY YOU COULD SAVE ME OR QUIT STARVING THOSE CHILDREN IN ETHIOPIA WE SEE ON TV OR STOP CANCER, AIDS AND JEB BUSH BEFORE HE BECOMES PRESIDENT.
RRRRIIIIPP!
RELIGION TEACHES US THAT EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR A REASON. SO IS IT AGAINST GOD'S WILL IF I BUY HEALTH INSURANCE AND HAVE SURGERY TO CURE AN AILMENT HE GAVE ME?!
I'M GETTING SO CONFUSED!
AS A SOCIETY, WE JAIL MURDERERS. YET AS CHRISTIANS, WE WORSHIP THE BIGGEST MASS MURDERER OUT OF FEAR WHILE HE WATCHES US SUFFER THROUGH FLOODS, DISEASE AND ANOTHER SHITTY SEASON OF "AMERICAN IDOL"!
SLOWLY THE CREATURE CAME CLOSER TO THE ANAL VIRGIN.
MOWAR!
GWAARRR!
HIS MOUTH OPENED WIDE, BUT NOTHING INTELLIGENT SPEWED OUT, LIKE ELISABETH HASSELBECK BEFORE THE OTHER CACKLING HENS ON "THE VIEW" FINALLY WATCHED AN EPISODE OF THEIR OWN SHOW AND DISCOVERED SHE SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO AIR HER GRUNTING AND WHINING, LET ALONE PEE INDOORS, AND FIRED HER DUMB ASS.
I CAN'T BELIEVE AS A DEVOUT CHRISTIAN I DEVOTED MY ENTIRE LIFE TO MADE-UP CRAP I READ IN A BOOK. I FEEL LIKE SUCH A HARRY POTTER FAN.

AND THEN . . .
AS THE WALKING DEAD STUMBLES SLOWLY TOWARD ME, AND MY DEATH IS CERTAIN, MY ENTIRE LIFE IS FLASHING BEFORE MY EYES. I WONDER IF I EVER BELIEVED IN GOD AT ALL.
THE FIRST TIME I RODE A BIKE, I RELIED ON TRAINING WHEELS INSTEAD OF GOD'S LOVE. LATER I JOINED A CHRISTIAN ONLINE DATING SERVICE, BELIEVING MORE IN THE POWER OF GREEDY OPPORTUNITISTS THAN GOD'S WILL.
. . . AS A MISSIONARY, I HAD TO LIVE OFF PEOPLE WITH REAL JOBS WHO COULD PAY FOR MY FOOD AND HOUSING WHILE ALL ALONG, IF GOD HAD JUST SENT JESUS BACK LIKE HE PROMISED, IT WOULD SHAPE UP A LOT OF ASSHOLES REAL QUICK.
. . . AND I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER MY COLLEGE ROOMMATE AND THE FIRST TIME I SAW HEAVEN.
GOD WANTS YOUR TONGUE IN MY SLIT OR HE WOULD'VE MADE MY PUSSY WITH TEETH, AND IT WOULDN'T SMELL LIKE A TASTY FILET O' FISH SANDWICH!
BUT BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WAS THE FATHER OF ELECTRICITY, NOT GOD. AND BECAUSE OF BATTERIES, YOUR VIBRATOR CAN MAKE YOU COME QUICKER THAN I CAN.
WHAT A REVELATION! PRAISE THE PUSSY!
. . . AND SO WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE ZOMBIE? HE KILLED THE ANAL VIRGIN, OF COURSE. WHOEVER SHOWS THEIR TITS ALWAYS DIES IN HORROR MOVIES.
. . . AND I WOULDN'T WANT IT ANY OTHER WAY. NOW I GET TO BREAK IN THIS HORNY BITCH MYSELF!
. . . AND AFTER THAT HOT-ASS FLASHBACK, I'M SO FUCKIN' WET. SOMEONE BETTER COLLECT ALL THE ANIMALS, TWO BY TWO, 'CAUSE I MIGHT SQUIRT SO HARD, I'LL FLOOD THIS PLACE!
The End


I THINK I'LL HAVE A LARGE TURD, LIGHT BROWN, MEDIUM SOFT, AND COULD YOU MAKE SURE IT HAS LOTS OF CORN IN IT?
COMING RIGHT UP.
Menu
WINNERS

SHOW NO MERCY

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: BARRETT BLADE. STARRING: ALEKTRA BLUE, ALEXIS MONROE, ANIKKA ALBRITE, MISCHA BROOKS, MISS EVA LOVIA, MOLLY BENNETT, BARRY SCOTT, ERIC MASTERSON, MARCUS LONDON, MICHAEL VEGA & WILL POWERS.

You may not be aware of this, but evil Lord Zuru is trying to take over the galaxy, and it's up to the five Cirian muses to thwart him with their superpowered vaginas. Yet another story suppressed by the lamestream media! Alexis Monroe starts the action in a shiny skintight suit that will make cosplay geeks come before she gets her boobs out. The rest of you should keep stroking while she semen-drains a couple of masked minions in a creepy scene. Pigtailed Molly Bennett in some skimpy latex bumps up the cute factor even further and submits to a bondage penetration by another weirdo in a Halloween mask. She gets loose, fucks his brains out and lets him spatter her ass with cum. That'll show him! The pattern of pleasurable abuse continues with spanking, hair-pulling, dildo-ramming and whatever else it takes to save the cosmos. It gets repetitive, and your brain will likely go numb before you ever find out what the fuck happened with the Zuru plot, but hot chicks in sexy costumes soaking up jizz like intergalactic ShamWows is probably all the meaning you'll ever need in life.

—Mark Johnson

ALEXIS MONROE

ALEKTRA BLUE & MISS EVA LOVIA

MISCHA BROOKS

ANIKKA ALBRITE

MOLLY BENNETT

THIS MONTH'S MASTER STROKE

VANESSA CAGE & SOVEREIGN SYRE

CHARISMA CAPPELLI

LA MILF TRUCK

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MATT ZANE. STARRING: NIKITA VON JAMES, CHARISMA CAPPELLI, PHOENIX MARIE, VANESSA CAGE, SOVEREIGN SYRE, ALANA EVANS, BILLY GLIDE, ALEX GONZ, ALAN STAFFORD & MARK ZANE.

Somewhere in the creepy Helter-Skelter wilds of the California hills, a black-painted ice truck roams the lonely roads, luring young men and sucking them dry. The great unpublished novel by Stephen King? No, it's HUSTLER's latest MILF flick! Blond, ample-chested Nikita Von James is the cover chick of this maternal fuckfest, apparently for her bizarrely gawkable boob augmentation. They're like a couple of basketballs suspended in Jell-O. Vanessa Cage as a blond waif at the mercy of raging menopausal lesbians might be the fuck truck's most fetching catch, but don't dwell on her; you're supposed to be here for the maturity and liver spots! This flick's real charm is its gritty, backroads mood—not to mention a bunch of ladies who look like they've really lived. Busty mom Alana Evans, a HUSTLER regular, turns in a nice prick-polisher to wrap up this road trip. If MILF's your flavor, order this one now. Call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

—M.J.

NIKITA VON JAMES

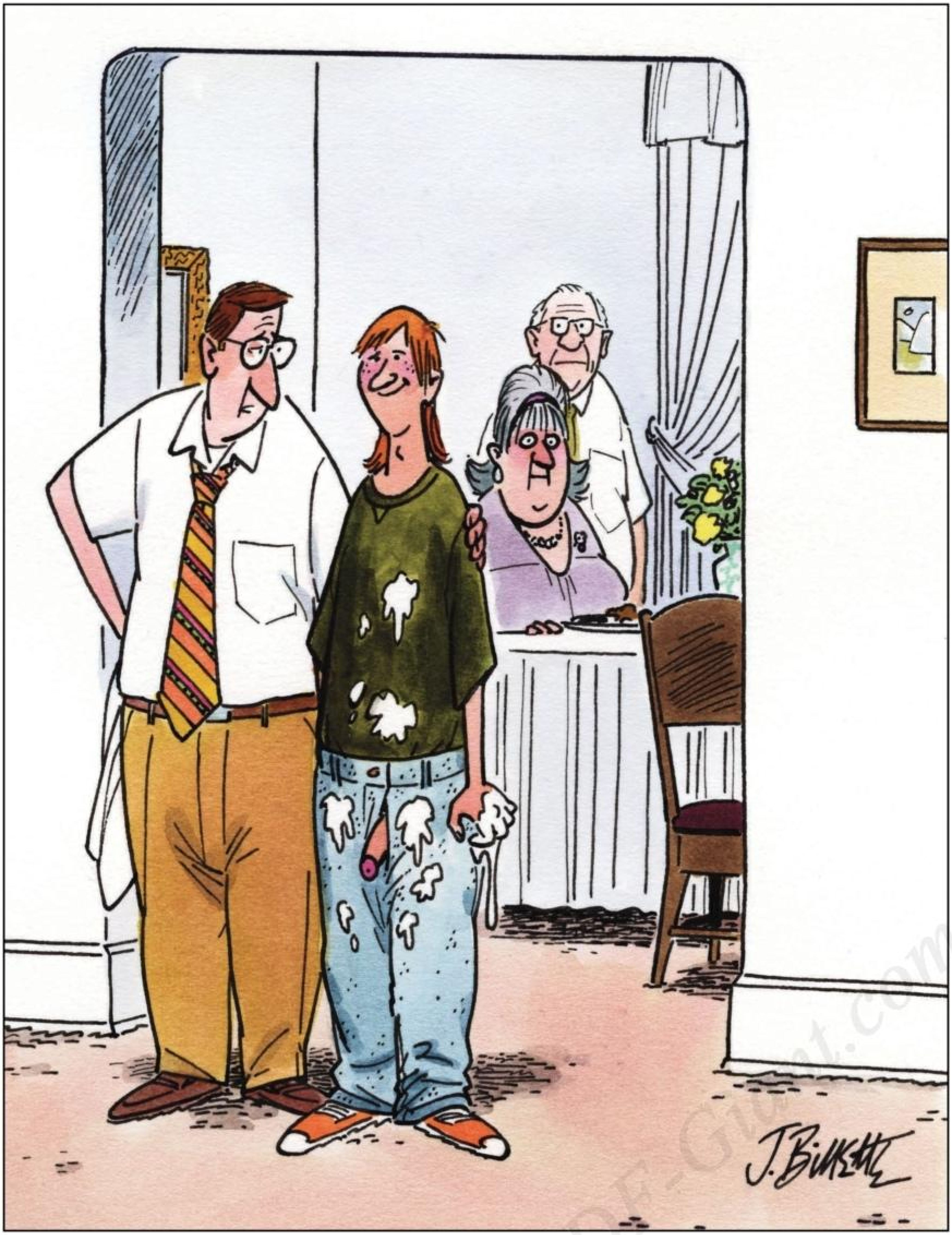
ALANA EVANS

PHOENIX MARIE

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: HAILEY HOLIDAY, MISCHA BROOKS, JESSA RHODES, ESPERANZA DIAZ, ALEX GONZ, RYAN DRILLER & ALAN STAFFORD.

Public displays of affection are always a touchy subject. Does she like it? What's too much? Should I kiss her? Is grabbing a handful over the line? Allow HUSTLER to alleviate the confusion with four fresh-faced, spunk-hungry sexpots. Hailey Holiday and Mischa Brooks get this outdoor excursion started with a backseat, windows-up fuck session that would make Ludacris smile. Quicker than you can shift into fourth gear, the horny chicks are out of the car and getting railed behind some train tracks. Finally they cheer up drivers stuck in traffic with a show on a freeway overpass before pulling over on the side of the road for some service that puts AAA to shame. Next up, Jessa Rhodes (a bona fide boneable beaut if there ever was one) and Esperanza Diaz take a hardcore park tour that makes Central Park look like a shithole. All right, that's only because these hot twats are fucking all over the place. So what if a few joggers and cops pass by? It doesn't stop these ladies from taking the XXX fun to the jungle gym. The only way to cure a nasty case of agoraphobia is to grab a copy of *Public Affairs*. Call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. ***—Andy Parker***



“Everyone knows that masturbation is normal, Kyle, but not at the dinner table and especially not when your grandparents are here.”

MIA LELANI

INTENSE CONNECTION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

For months, Samantha (**Mia Lelani**) had been hunting for someone to help her build a time machine. The idea had come to Samantha in a dream; she'd done rough sketches but needed a scientist to construct a prototype.

When Dan (**Otto Bauer**) responded to her ad, Samantha was suspicious. He claimed to have graduated from Harvard with degrees in time travel and boning. Dan also told Samantha to meet him at his workshop—wearing only lingerie.

Once Samantha and Dan made eye contact, though, sparks flew. Clothing was discarded; genitals were aroused; fluids were shared. When they were done screwing, Dan asked to see Samantha's sketches. "Hmm," he said. "It looks like you've just drawn several pictures of a giraffe fucking a toaster."

"Shhh," Samantha whispered. "I don't want anyone to steal my idea before I patent it."

10 AMERICANS WHO

For every scumbag doing time, there's a bunch more still at large. Here's a roundup of rogues still making a mockery of our justice system.

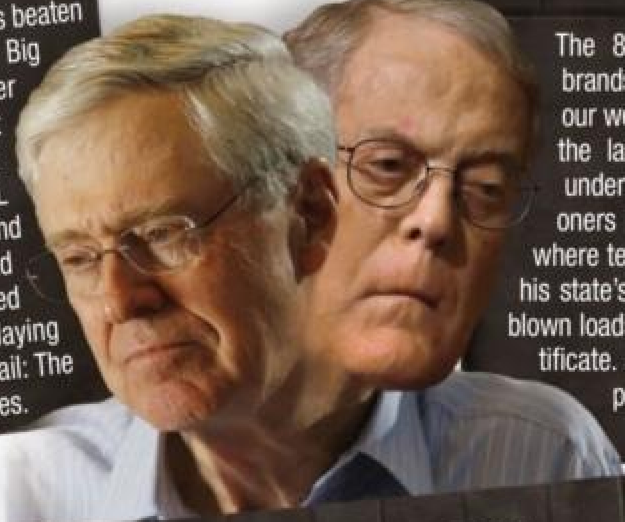
BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

BEN ROETHLISBERGER

The Pittsburgh Steelers' Super Bowl-winning quarterback has beaten the rap on rape charges on two occasions. Back in 2010, Big Ben frequented nightclubs to get coeds a decade younger than him drunk as shit and schlep them into the nearest restroom for a romantic two to three minutes against a stall wall. When women started pressing charges, the NFL came down on Roethlisberger like a velvet hammer and suspended him for six games. Ben publicly apologized, had his attorneys write some big checks to soothe the bruised feelings and vaginas, got married and kept on playing football. All's well that ends well except for one tiny detail: The sonofabitch bought his way out of sexual-assault charges.

SHERIFF JOE ARPAIO

The 81-year-old from Maricopa County, Arizona—who brands himself "America's toughest sheriff"—is actually our worst: a racist, sadistic power freak with no respect for the law. Sheriff Joe outfits county-jail inmates in pink underwear for his amusement and keeps about 2,000 prisoners in a makeshift "Tent City" in the Sonoran Desert, where temperatures soar past 115 degrees. He's a big fan of his state's harassment of undocumented immigrants and has blown loads of taxpayer dollars investigating Obama's birth certificate. Joe has so far skated on federal charges of abuse of power, misuse of county credit cards and jail-enhancement funds. His days of freedom are numbered.



KOCH BROTHERS

You may think they're two people, but the brothers Koch sure act like one single-minded organism of evil. This two-headed, right-wing creature has poured hundreds of millions of dollars into political candidates and social movements that benefit its vast pollutant-producing oil-and-gas holdings—primarily to boost the "global warming is a hoax" hoax. The Koch mutant wants to make obscene amounts of money while it takes no responsibility for the variety of carcinogenic poisons its empire spews. If this were a late-night fright flick, the Koch Horror would be fried with flamethrowers. But seeing how it exists for real, the least the judicial system can do is figure out a way to put it in jail.

DOTTIE SANDUSKY

Isn't she just the hapless wife of coach and neighborhood child rapist Jerry Sandusky? Not entirely. It was established in court that "The Dot" was at the Sandusky home, puttering around upstairs, while at least eight of her husband's victims were being violated in the basement. For years she also played the mum mom while Jerry abused their adopted son Matt. One of the victims testified that unless the basement was soundproof (it wasn't), it was impossible for Dottie not to have heard his screams. She claimed she heard nothing (not a peep in 45 years of marriage). If Dottie wants to stand by her man, she can do it in the big house.

DICK CHENEY

It's no accident George W. Bush's Vice President is most often compared to Darth Vader. The sum total of his crimes may never be known, but Cheney was clearly the architect behind Bush's illegal wars and executive abuse of power. If the World Court ever starts prosecuting American politicians who violated the Nuremberg Charter (set up after World War II to remind global leaders not to act like Nazis), Herr Cheney should get dragged to the brig. While we're at it, let's arrest Dubya's entire neocon gang, starting with Donald Rumsfeld (for torture and degrading treatment of war detainees) and Condoleezza Rice (for cheerleading Bush's bloodbaths and compulsively lying to Congress).

SHOULD BE LOCKED UP

WALMART

In 2010 our Supreme Court decided in the infamous *Citizens United* ruling that Big Business could legally pump cash into political campaigns. Well, if corporations are now people, then Walmart is one shitheel who belongs behind bars. The nation's largest retailer is infamous for its low wages, lack of benefits, abusive labor practices and for leaving its workers dependent on public assistance while making the Walton family owners rich beyond imagination. Five thousand lawsuits are filed against the company each year, including international violations for using child labor and for plying debt bondage to trap workers in a lifetime of servitude. Walmart's new slogan is "Save money. Live better." The irony could not be more bitter.

ANGELO MOZILO

Possibly the greediest of all pigs in the 2008 Wall Street debacle, Mozilo was the chairman of the board and chief executive officer of Countrywide Financial, which pioneered the subprime-loan scam that burst the housing bubble. Mozilo hawked piles of stock while artificially boosting the share price. The SEC charged him with insider trading and securities fraud, but Angelo had friends in Washington. The shyster got off with a $67-million slap on the wrist—and $600 million still in his bank account! Mozilo's greed created a black hole at the center of the U.S. financial system that sucked in millions of peoples' homes. He should be hung by his testicles.

CASEY ANTHONY

This mom from hell was found not guilty of murdering her two-year-old daughter, who was apparently chloroformed and gagged with duct tape. The evidence against Anthony was overwhelming, and her defense was a mishmash of attempts to discredit the prosecution's forensics. She racked up four misdemeanor counts of lying to investigators, but somehow beat the murder rap with a shaky story about suffering sexual abuse as a child at the hands of her dad. Thanks to unreasonable doubt, the hard-partying ex-mom is now out on the street enjoying the single life. May the gods who put O.J. in the joint right the scales of justice and do the same to her.

HENRY KISSINGER

Why isn't this curse on humanity dead yet? Secretary of State to Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford, Kissinger was a gung-ho supporter of the Vietnam War's merciless destruction of millions of lives. He also masterminded a secret bombing campaign in Cambodia with the twisted thought that blowing Cambodians to pieces would disrupt the North Vietnamese army's chain of supplies. It didn't, but the chaos sparked a civil war that killed tens of thousands. Kissinger was also behind a coup in Chile that led to a brutal military takeover and the murder and torture of thousands of civilians. Kissinger got away with war crimes, so scum like Dick Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld figured they could too. So far they've been right.

DON KING

Yes, he's a legend, linked to immortal names like Muhammad Ali, George Foreman, Larry Holmes and Mike Tyson. He's also a crook. As a young man in Cleveland, Ohio, King ran a bookie operation and shot someone in the back because he tried to rob him. Claiming self-defense, King got off. A few years later he stomped an employee to death for owing him money and did a whopping four years for the crime. After King got out, he devoted himself to promoting boxers—and robbing them blind. Virtually every fighter he's worked with has filed suit against him. Tyson described King as "a wretched, slimy, reptilian motherfucker," but the Teflon Don always manages to bob and weave his way out of court. Only in America!

Who do you think should be locked up? Let us know by October 1, 2013. See page 18 for address details. If we choose your candidate for our follow-up list, we'll send you some free premium porn. Now *that's* justice!

DISCLAIMER: The views and opinions expressed in this article are solely those of the author and do not necessarily represent those of HUSTLER Magazine, LFP Publishing Group, LLC or any of its affiliates and assigns.

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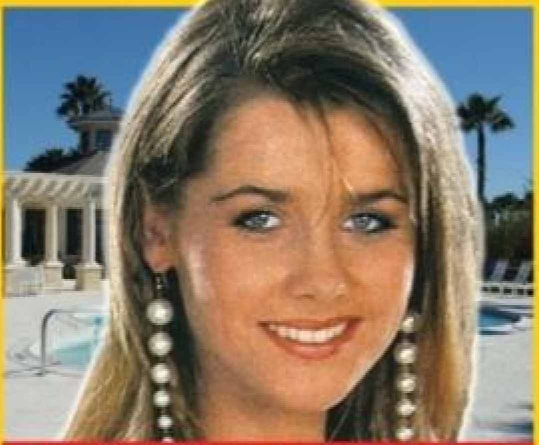

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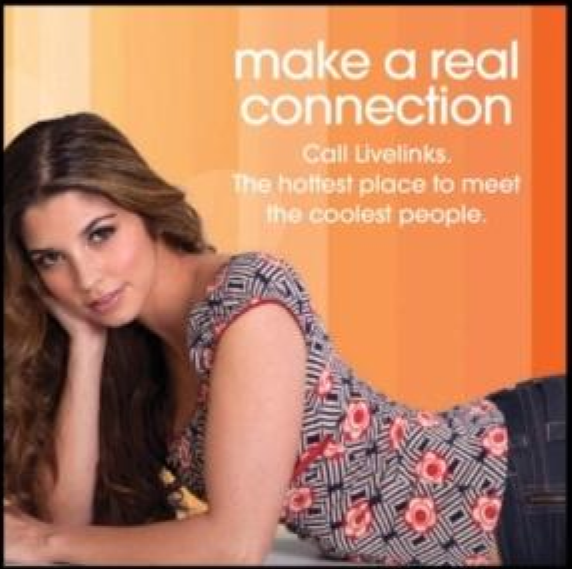
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"Well, I kept yelling, 'Don't move or I'll cum!' But, nah, you had to go and move."

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

> **"My fantasy is to attend a Halloween party where everyone's costume is their birthday suit."**

EVA

Punctuating the month of October is Halloween aka All Hallows' Eve. So we'll launch our latest eye-candy roundup with letting-it-all-hang-out Eva, 21, a "wild and free-spirited" stripper from Killeen, Texas. "I love wearing a skimpy costume at parties and in my bedroom when I have company," the 5-foot-4 Lone Star Stater coos. "But no one has to beg me to take it off. I love being naked." Yes, gazing at Eva in the buff is much more fun than visiting haunted houses, carving pumpkins into jack-o'-lanterns or watching horror flicks. And if you wanna jack off, Eva will be ecstatic: "My biggest thrill is turning men on and getting them off!" —*Photos by Friend*

"I love taking sexy pictures and showing off my body."

CHRISTI

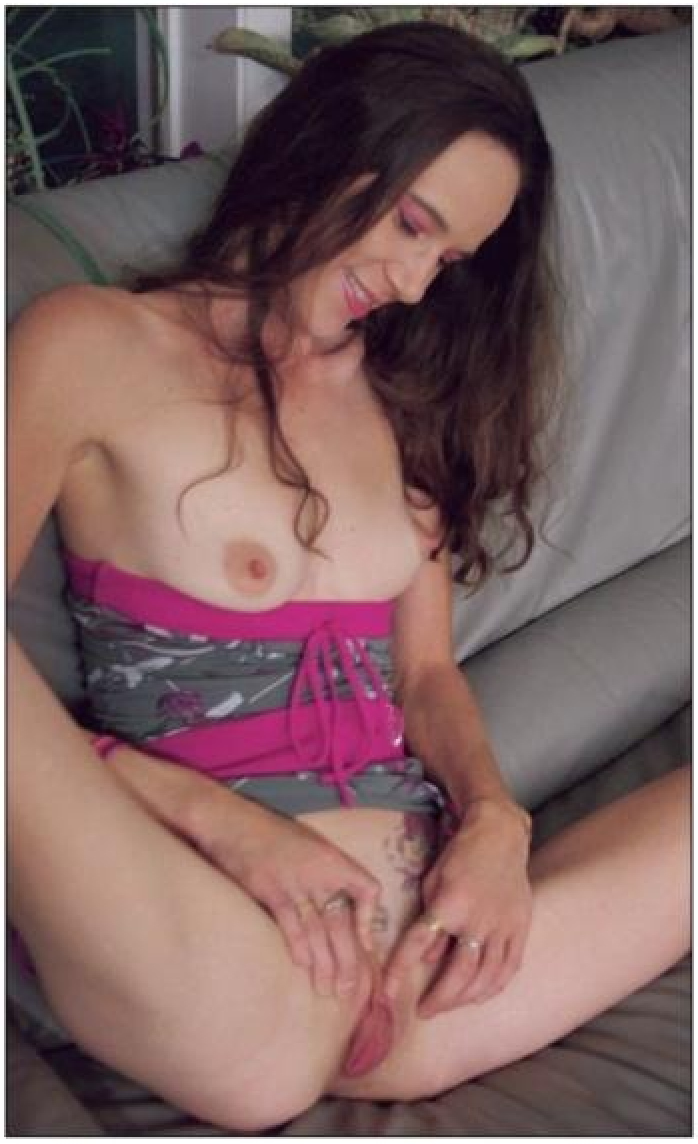
"Being naked in front of a camera is the biggest turn-on," proclaims Christi Camden, 21, a "silly, flirty" sports-bar waitress from Birmingham, Alabama. But the 4-foot-10 newbie has many other kicks. "I've played softball and volleyball my whole life," says the loyal member of Red Sox Nation. "I also love golfing, working out, watching cop shows and reading biographies." Now here's the book on Christi and cocks: "I'm a dirty, kinky, bisexual version of little Susie Homemaker. I make women my sex slaves, but with men I'm super-submissive. I get off being tied up, gagged, used and abused." Christi's fantasies include "having my boss fuck me in his office," but some of her real-life trysts have been less private: "I've had sex in a mall dressing room. And when I was dating a cop, he fucked me in full uniform while I was handcuffed in the back of his patrol car on the side of a road." We'll squeeze in two more reasons to adore Ms. Camden: "I love having objects shoved up my ass; that's so hot. And I give great blowjobs during commercials." *—Photos by Friend*

"I want to have freaky sex with Channing Tatum or Johnny Depp in a bathtub filled with Skittles."

BARBI

"Being in HUSTLER is a dream-come-true," marvels this "down-to-earth" newcomer from Waco, Texas. "Hey, if you got it, flaunt it, right?" But Skittles-loving Barbi, 22, is eye candy strictly for fun. "I'm a real-estate agent," the college grad explains. "I love my job because I can sleep in and make as much money as I put my mind to." Of course, the 5-foot-8 workout buff—a former all-American cheerleader who digs classic rock and contemporary rap—has more than sealing a deal on her mind: "I'm straight, but I'll have fun with a girl once in a while. I *love* foreplay and trying new things. Since I'm so flexible and kinky, I'm a freak in the sheets." And tombstone territory! "I had sex one night in a cemetery," recalls Barbi, who also did the deed "in the press box at my high school's football field." —*Photos by Ron Neumann*

"If we're watching TV together, you might wanna turn your head and watch me playing with my go-button nipples and fingering my pussy instead."



RENIE

"I'm your friendly neighborhood liquor-store clerk and exhibitionist," trumpets this willowy 36-year-old Wiccan—a neopagan worshiper of Mother Earth—from Amelia, Ohio. "I like the thought of men and women looking at my bare body. I only wear clothes when I have to due to the damn law!" Admittedly "a perverse, twisted nymphomaniac," Renie reveals, "Dancing naked around a fire on a solstice or Sabbat [Wiccan festival] gets me dripping wet. My favorite pastimes are nature photography and sex whenever and wherever I can! I've fucked in an elevator and a cemetery, and one time I went 24 hours straight. But I'm not straight at all. I like girls just as much as guys." Unless there's more than one woody in proximity. "Nothing beats having a cock in my mouth and a cock pounding me from behind," the 5-foot-11 Adult Swim and sci-fi aficionada exults. Bidding goodybe with a Halloweenesque fantasy, Renie howls, "I lust for Rob Zombie and his hot little wife! And did I mention I love to fuck?!" —*Photos by J.S.*

NALINA RAY

Psycho fanatics might be bummed. We're ending this Beaverama with a hot chick taking a shower, but 21-year-old Nalina Ray won't be whacked by a loony motelkeeper. Nevertheless, the "bi-curious" cashier has Halloween pedigree: Her hometown—Salem, Massachusetts—was the site of witchcraft trials in the 1600s. "I've come to the conclusion that men like to watch me get naked," reckons the 5-foot-9 swimming enthusiast, who also relishes Ke$ha's music, stir-fried cuisine and virtuoso cunnilingus. "I have the best orgasms when I'm getting eaten out just right," Nalina Ray tells us, "but I also come like crazy when I masturbate." Props to a candid cutie pie who isn't afraid of flaunting her killer bod. *—Photos by Kickback Productions*

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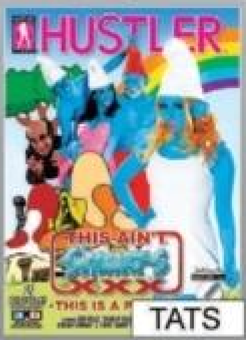

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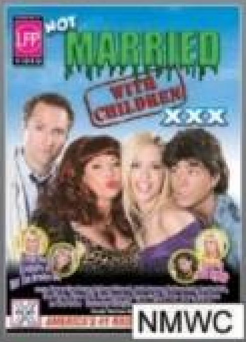

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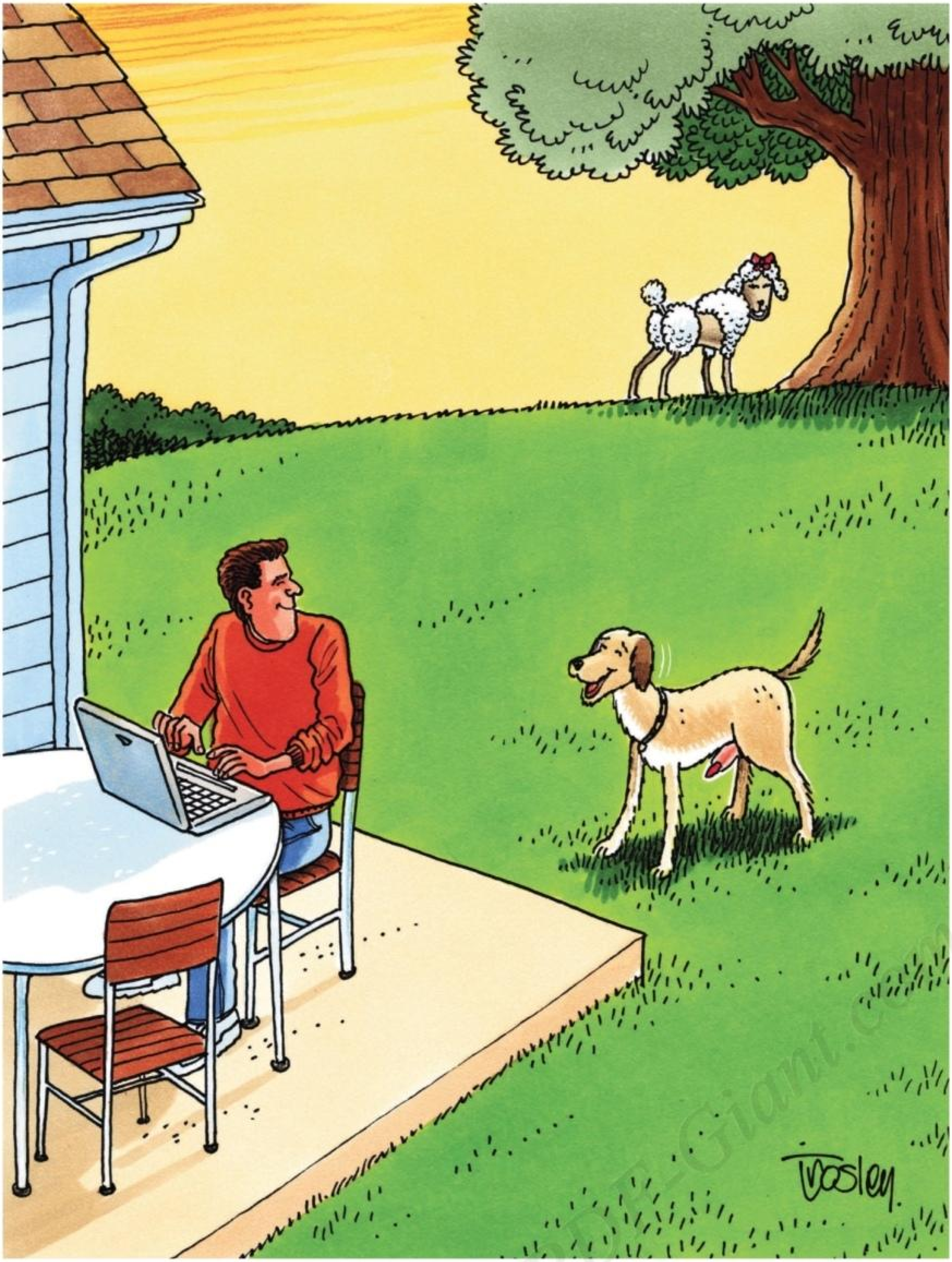
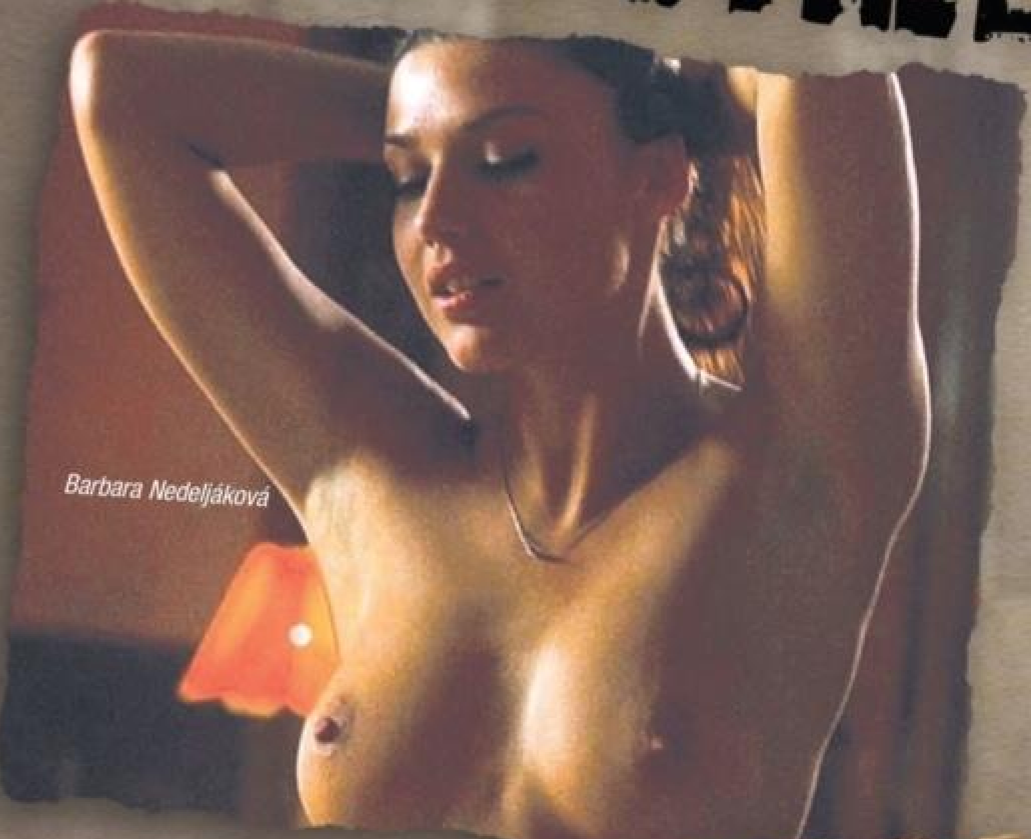


"Do me a favor...Google me whatever you can find on poodle pussy."

BOOBS AND BLOODSHED

THE HOSTEL MOVIES' BEST GORE GIRLS



Barbara Nedeljáková

When Eli Roth's *Hostel* was released theatrically in 2006, it shocked mainstream audiences. An early entrant in the "torture porn" horror genre, the flick was an instant hit, going number one at the box office on its opening weekend. *Hostel* was also intensely violent, sadistic and gory. But—on the plus side—it was chock-full of topless chicks. So far, two sequels have come along. But we're not concerned with which version is the scariest; our mission is to determine which is the boobiest.

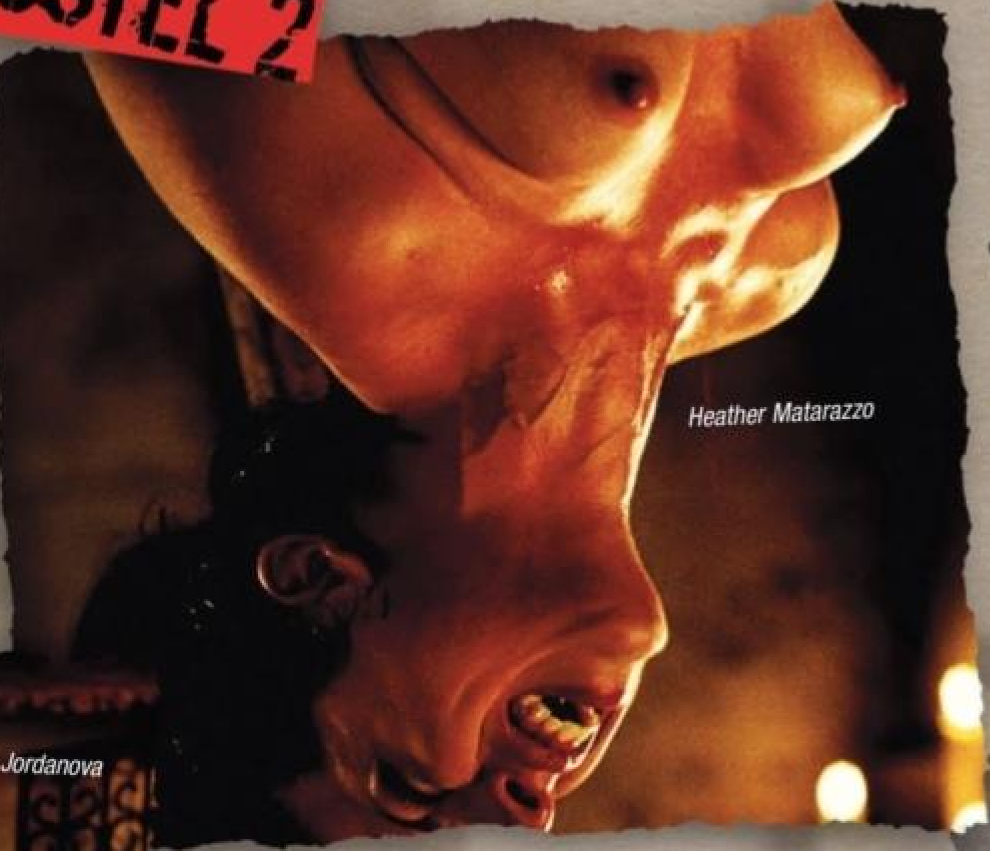
HOSTEL 1

Jana Kadeřábková

Hostel offers notable above-the-waist nudity from relative unknowns Jana Kadeřábková and Barbara Nedeljáková. *Hostel Part II* (2007) mixes it up with fleeting glimpses of name actresses (Bijou Phillips, Heather Matarazzo) alongside impressive boobage from supporting players Monika Malacova and Vera Jordanova. Scott Spiegel's *Hostel Part III* (2011)—the only film in the franchise not directed by Roth—suffers from a clear mammary deficiency. Even with peeks at Cassie Keller and Evelina Oboza, it just ain't enough.

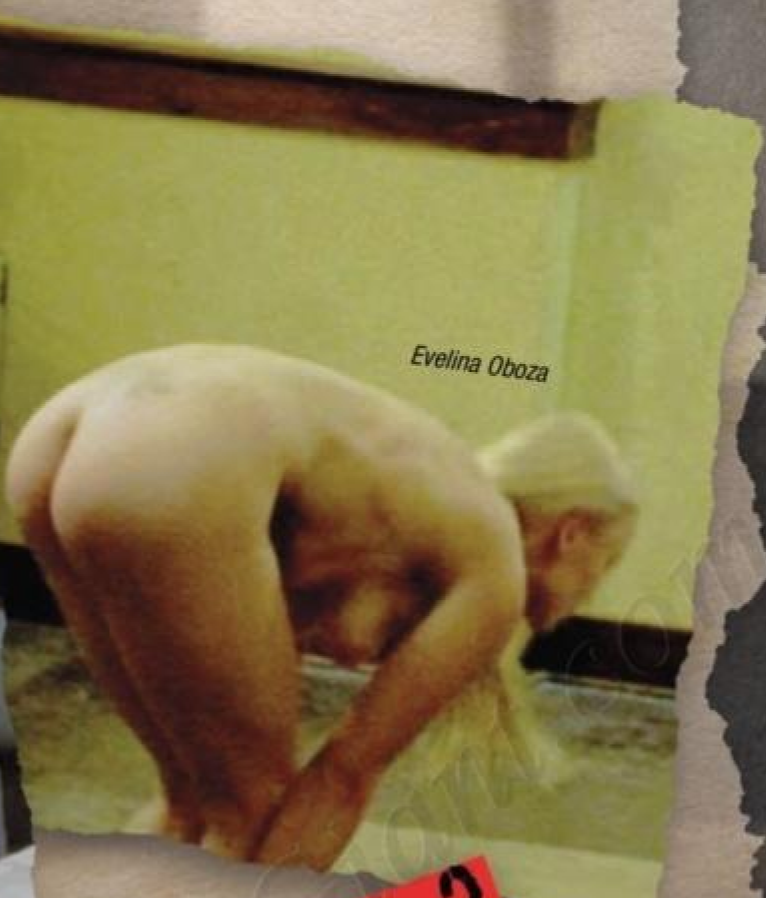
We're ready to declare a winner! For its quantity and quality of boobage, the original *Hostel* clearly out-tits the competition. H

HOSTEL 2



Heather Matarazzo

Vera Jordanova



Evelina Oboza

Cassie Keller

HOSTEL 3

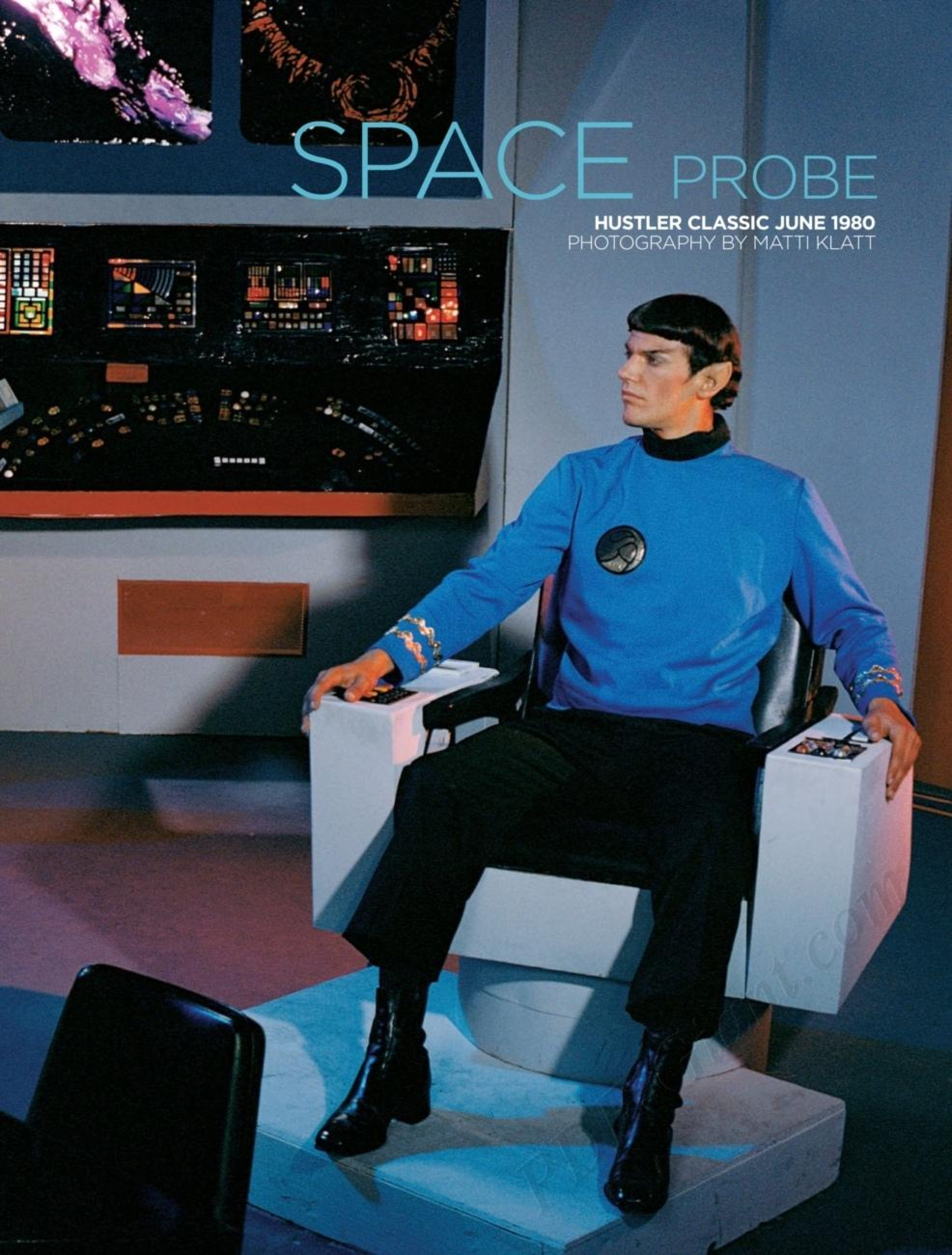
TRUE LOVE STORIES

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Why is it that road trips inevitably make chicks hornier than a Catholic priest at a *Sesame Street* taping? HUSTLER Video's *True Love Stories* sets out to find the answer.

First up, **Ashli Orion** and **Will Powers** take a break from driving to refuel. Apparently, Ashli was running dangerously low on man fluid. **Cindy Starfall** and **Kurt Lockwood** can't stay in the car long enough to make any progress on the highway because these insatiable lovers are always boning. At least, **Jacky Joy** and **Derrick Pierce** have the decency to check into a sleazy motel. If Jacky looks like she's having trouble concentrating, it's probably because she's distracted by the amorous sounds emanating from the room next door, where **Richie Calhoun** is plugging away at **Lyla Storm**'s cooze.

True Love Stories is available from HUSTLER Video. To order, call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.



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HUSTLER CLASSIC JUNE 1980

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

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SCULPTING THE PERFECT VAGINA

Thanks to childbirth, aging and lots of fucking, a gal's privates can lose their luster. We asked a nip 'n' tuck expert to reveal how he spiffs up a shabby snatch.

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